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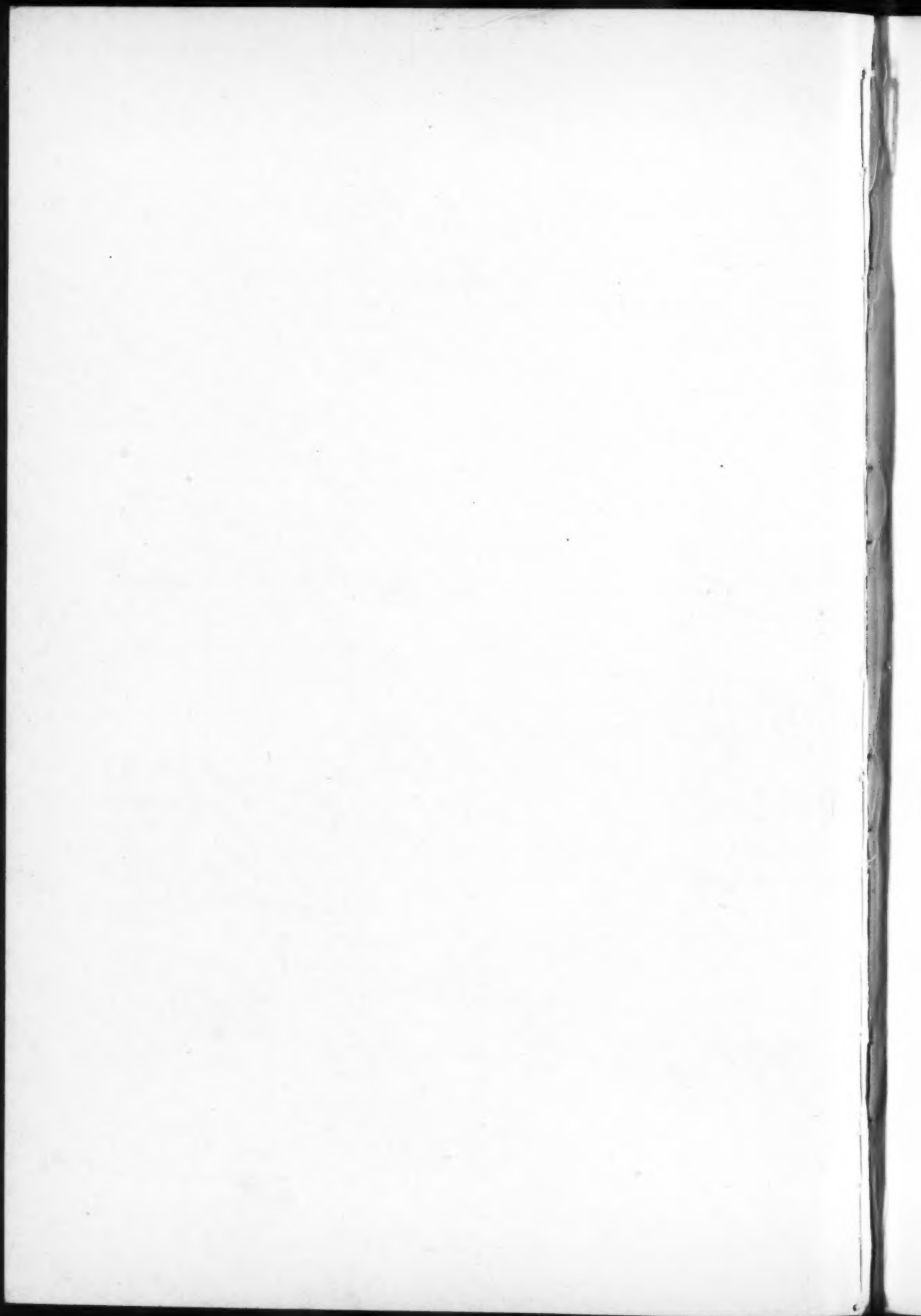
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• THE • AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



FINLAND NUMBER



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The Revenge of Joukahainen, reproduced on the cover, from a painting of AXEL GALLEN-KALLELA, is based on a story from *Kalevala*. The young Laplander, Joukahainen, has challenged Wainemoinen, the hero of the epic, to a song contest. In revenge for his ignominious defeat, he shoots Wainemoinen while the latter is driving in his sledge through the air. A paragraph on the artist will be found in the article "From Edelfelt to Gallen-Kallela" in this issue.

OTTO ANDERSSON is a leader in the movement to revive the folk music and folk dances in Finland, especially those of the Swedish Finlanders.

EDVARD WELLE-STRAND is on the staff of *Bergens Aftenblad* and a regular contributor to various Scandinavian periodicals. His childhood was spent in the Arctic part of Norway. He has retained an interest in the northern regions, with their picturesque life and racial problems, and has made himself familiar with them by extensive travels.

GUSTAF FRÖDING's poem in this issue is illustrated by Gudmundur Thorsteinsson, a young artist of Iceland who recently visited New York.

ALEXANDER KIELLAND is counted with Ibsen, Björnson, and Jonas Lie as one of the four great names in their generation of Norwegian literature. Himself a patrician by birth and training, he appealed by his polished style and subtle wit to the intellectually fastidious. But they soon found that his art veiled a scathing satire of the existing order of things. He even attacked well-known persons and was, for a while, as much of a storm center as Ibsen himself.

OLAF HOMÉN holds a position in the University library at Helsingfors. He is known as an essayist and a literary and dramatic critic.

HENRIK WERGELAND, one of the greatest poets of Norway, is yet almost unknown to English readers. The lyric translated here by Mr. Dawson was written in 1845, when Wergeland was on his death-bed. Though but thirty-seven years old, he could look back on a productive literary career. His death cut short a multitude of plans for social betterment, particularly with a view to the education of the common people.

TORSTEN STJERNESCHANTZ is instructor in art history at the school conducted at Helsingfors by the Art Association of Finland.

The poem by ALBERT ULRIK BÅÅTH is from a collection published in 1879 which put the author at once with Strindberg as one of the pioneers in the new naturalistic movement in Swedish poetry. It is instinct with that love of the working classes which was characteristic of him. For a number of years he lectured regularly in the Workingmen's Institute in Göteborg in addition to carrying on his work as instructor in Old Norse literature in Göteborg *Högskola*.

HENRIK RAMSEY is the manager of important manufacturing concerns in Finland.



JEAN SIDELIUS

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In the Land of Sibelius

By OTTO ANDERSSON

Translated from the Author's Manuscript

FINLAND'S musical life comes of an old lineage. The country is populated by a race fortunate in possessing a richly developed and widely cultivated folk music. True, its characteristics are those of a general, or at least a North European, type, and we may apply to it the words of the famous American composer, McDowell: "True folk song has but few marked national traits. It is something that comes from the heart." Yet our folk music has roused in the people a lively desire for song and has been a fructifying well-spring to modern Finnish composition.

Most of the folk melodies are in a major key. Those written in a minor key often have the seventh note unusually high, while the sixth is low, a peculiarity found most frequently in the Scandinavian countries and in England. Through the Swedish element in Finland, the Scandinavian folk music has, to a great extent, moulded that of our country. In former times the song would be accompanied by the kantele. This renowned instrument of Wainemoinen is found in two types, the kantele proper and the so-called joihu kantele, the horsehair harp or bow harp. The former is said to originate in the Orient, while the latter is a distant relative of the Welsh Crwth and is one of the most remarkable instruments in existence. It is oblong and has two or three strings of horsehair which are played upon through a slit in the left side of the instrument, using the outer side of the fingers. Since the middle of the last century, however, the violin is most frequently used for accompanying popular dances.

Neither is music as an art of recent date, although it has but lately burst into full bloom. The high level of church music dur-

ing the Middle Ages may be seen from the accounts of the singing in the cathedral at Åbo, finished in the year 1300, and above all from the numerous musical manuscripts, among which we may even find fragmentary neumes. The oldest complete manuscript dates from 1280. The musical life of the country, secular as well as ecclesiastic, was concentrated in the capital city, Åbo. Much attention was paid to singing in the schools. The famous collection of songs, *Piae cantiones*, published in 1582, gives excellent examples of the music that flourished at the time. Instrumental music, too, particularly organ music, became more general in the seventeenth century and was, moreover, encouraged by the establishment of the Academy in Åbo, in 1640.

It was not until the following century, however, that we may speak of an organized musical life. Instrumental music, which by this time had reached a higher state of development, was practised both in the homes and in learned circles. In the year 1790, a musical society was formed which had an epoch-making effect. Within its ranks were gathered amateur musicians, professors, students, and business men. The most important contemporary compositions were studied under the leadership of a capable conductor and were afterwards played at public concerts. The society existed for eighteen years, until it was dissolved by the death of the conductor and by the outbreak of that war which parted Finland from Sweden.

A little over a decade later, interest in music revived; male choruses were formed, and the musical society was reorganized. Yet the enthusiasm was no longer the same, and after the destructive fire which swept the entire University city in 1827, the center of Finland's musical and intellectual life was moved to the new capital, Helsingfors. Not long afterwards, a young Hamburg man, Frederick Pacius, came to that city and was engaged as a teacher of music at the University. Pacius was a clever musician, educated in the school of Spohr and Hauptmann. He first drew attention to himself by gathering about him all available forces for the performance of choral and orchestral compositions by contemporary German composers, whom he greatly admired. It may be readily understood that his work was not easy. The capital city had grown from a community which, even in the beginning of the nineteenth century, was very small and was totally lacking in musical traditions. But Pacius never tired, and his musical ventures were all successful. He next threw himself into the work of composing. He gave the Finnish people their national song, *Vårt land*, and wrote the first Finnish opera, *Kung Karls jagt*, which was put on in Helsingborg, in 1852, and was very popular. Pacius was strongly influenced by the nature and the national temperament of the coun-

try which became his second fatherland, but he remained true to his romantic ideals. The Finnish element in his work was but a faint strip of light heralding the day that was to dawn over the musical art of Finland.

By the side of the above-named leader, we have a group of composers born in the country, such as Ingelius, von Schantz, Collan and others, who followed the romanticists more or less closely. They were under the spell of the influence exercised by Pacius and his favorite composers. Lacking the knowledge requisite to master the technique of great instrumental composition, they generally confined themselves to song writing, and in this field they have made many important contributions.

A brief transition era carries us from Pacius and the romanticists to modern music. In this period several things worthy of note occurred. A permanent orchestra was organized, and in 1869 Richard Faltin was engaged as its conductor. He afterwards became the organist of Nikolaj Church and the successor of Pacius as teacher of music at the University. He was also at the head of a new opera venture which was started in 1870. The next decade was marked by the appearance of two even more distinguished personalities: Martin Wegelius and Robert Kajanus, the former as director of the newly established Music Institute, and the latter as the conductor of the reorganized orchestra. These two institutions were of the greatest importance in encouraging home production of modern music. Artistic training could now be had at home, and musicians found better means of making a livelihood.

Wegelius and Kajanus both appeared as composers, and the work of the latter was especially fruitful. While studying abroad, he had become familiar with nationalistic currents which, at that time, characterized the musical life of Europe, and he conceived the idea of using poetic motifs from *Kalevala* as the basis for elaborate compositions, into which he would weave folk songs and dance melodies. Though fashioned after foreign patterns, they held up the development of a national style as a worthy goal for native composers. The public received the Finnish rhapsodies of Kajanus with enthusiasm, and they are even now popular numbers on orchestral programmes. His work was in reality only the forerunner of modern Finnish music based on original and characteristic motifs. About ten years later, the man appeared who, by the power of his brilliant genius, was to absorb all that the country had produced up to that time, and, widening the foundation of our musical art, was to win for it a place in the musical life of the world. This man was Jean Sibelius.

Sibelius was born in 1865 in the little town of Tavastehus, beautifully situated near one of the numerous waterways of the country.

His father was a physician there. He began at an early age to play the violin and during his school years was a member of an amateur quartette, which might almost be said to be the leading musical organization in town. Twenty years old, he matriculated at the University. His parents had destined him for a lawyer, but he soon broke off his studies and entered instead the Musical Institute at Helsingfors, where he applied himself to the study of the violin and, under the direction of Wegelius, to theory and composition.

Before long, Sibelius attracted attention to himself as a composer of chamber music showing an unusual individuality and wealth of ideas combined with boldness and an original use of the technical means of expression. At the same time he appeared as a violinist. After four years of study at the Musical Institute, he went abroad to continue his training. While there he was drawn, as his predecessors had been, into that current of nationalism which I have mentioned above. While yet in his homeland he had come under the spell of the growing interest in national ideals, and it was natural, therefore, that he should choose an episode from *Kalevala* for his first great composition. This work was *Kullervo*, a symphonic poem for orchestra, soloists, and chorus. Its first production, in 1892, was a triumph for the young composer, a triumph that encouraged him to go on in the same field and to create, shortly afterwards, the works now known throughout the world, *Tuonela's svan* and *Lemminkäinen drager hemåt*.

Since the appearance of his *Kalevala* compositions, Sibelius has been called the creator of Finnish music. Yet the absolute originality and the introspective quality of his work is in the deepest sense rooted in the artist's own personality. He has never belonged so wholly to the national school as a Grieg in Norway, a Glinka in Russia, and a Smetana in Bohemia, and he has now long since turned his eyes toward other ideals.

In his shorter impressionistic studies, which enchant by their coloristic beauty, Sibelius shows his unique gift for producing the most striking effects with a small orchestra. This is where his light, thin instrumentation wins its most brilliant triumphs. His solo songs are likewise among the freshest and most enchanting things in this line that have seen the light in recent years. His violin concerto and his five symphonies are the most important part of Sibelius's production. In them all the depth and richness of his artistic personality appears. The instrumentation in them, as in his other orchestral works, is unique and original. The severe individualizing of the various instruments makes up for the mass effect which Sibelius generally avoids. We scarcely recognize the symphonic form, although it is in fact strictly correct. The melodic

construction is sometimes confusing, when pregnant motifs seem to be thrown about in a strange restlessness, but when the ear has found its way through this wealth of tones, the delicate, richly-colored web is fascinating. Sometimes the theme is interrupted by an episode of a recitative nature and then carried on again. Poems light as air are shadowed forth like dreams or reflections of a better world. Through it all, Sibelius is the great, highly-skilled artist with the deepest and richest genius any Northern composer has ever owned, with a heaven-storming imagination, an inspiration that never flags.

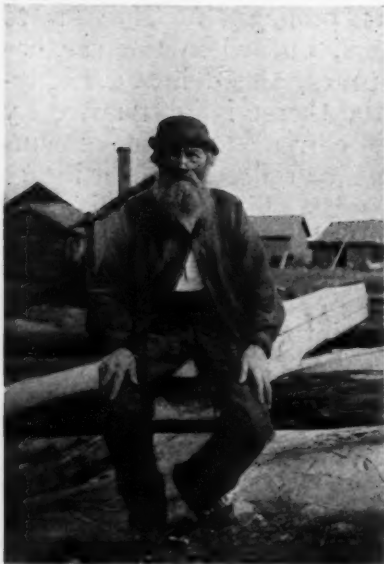
Sibelius frequently goes abroad to superintend the production of his own works. He has not only been called several times to the musical centers of Europe, but has even crossed the Atlantic upon an invitation to conduct his own compositions at the music hall of Mr. Carl Stoeckel in Norfolk. On the occasion of this visit, an honorary degree was conferred upon him by Yale University.

While Sibelius is the most luminous star in the firmament of Finnish music, he is by no means alone. Names like Järnefelt, Melartin, Palmgren, and Merikanto are even now recognized the world over, while a younger generation, Furuhielm, Kuula, Madetoja, Launis and others, are favorably known in their own country as composers of operas, symphonies, and lesser works. A glance at the performing artists of the country will show a remarkably large number of women singers who have gone out from Finland. We have Aino Ackté, Maikki Järnefelt, Ida Ekman, Adé Leander-Flodin, the last-named living in Buenos Ayres. In the domain of musical science the country is well abreast of the times. At the University, Dr. Ilmari Krohn lectures on musical history and theory, while the Musical Institute has a group of distinguished teachers. Concerts are numerous and well attended. Helsingfors is considered one of the chief musical centers of the North.

Finland may well compare with other countries in the number of gifted musicians it has given the world. The music of Finland is perhaps the latest to enter the arena, but nevertheless it has succeeded in achieving a distinguished place. It has found an individual note, a note sounding clear and strong from the land of the lakes and moors and forests, where nature dreams under snow and ice through the night of winter but wakes to a fair summer with a day that never dies. Finnish music is even now a cultural factor. It lifts up the people and strengthens their power of action. In distant lands it will bear witness to the labor and struggles of the Finlanders and tell of the great and rapid development of musical art in our small, obscure nation.

Suomi Glimpses

THE OLD WORKMAN TO THE LEFT IS A PEASANT OF SWEDISH EXTRACTION. THE RUINS OF THE FAMOUS KAJANE-BORG CASTLE ARE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE BACK OF THE AMMÄKOSKI WATERFALL BELOW



OLOFSBORG, OR NYSLÖTT, STANDS ON AN ISLAND IN THE SAIMEN RIVER IN FINLAND, AND WAS FOR TWO AND A HALF CENTURIES THE GUARDIAN OF SWEDISH CIVILIZATION, UNTIL IT WAS CONQUERED BY THE RUSSIANS. IT WAS BUILT IN 1477 BY ERIK AXELSSON TOTT, A DANISH KNIGHT IN SWEDISH SERVICE, AND WAS NAMED AFTER ST. OLAF

CHARACTERISTIC SUOMI LANDSCAPES ARE THE SJUNDEA BROOK IN NYLAND WITH TREES GROWING TO THE WATER'S EDGE, AND THE WIDE-SPREADING LAKE COUNTRY NEAR KUOPI, SHOWING THE KALLAVESI SEA WITH LOW ISLANDS AND LEVEL SHORES.



THE TAR-BOAT CROSSING ABOVE THE KOIVUKOSKI FALLS AT KAJANA WILL BE FAMILIAR TO MANY VISITORS TO FINLAND. THE RIVERS ARE THE HIGHWAYS CONNECTING THE INTERIOR WITH THE SEA. THEY CARRY THE LOGS FROM THE DEEP FORESTS DOWN TO THE WATERFALLS, WHERE THEY ARE GRIND INTO PULP, OR TO THE SAWMILLS IN THE COAST CITIES.

An Outpost of Northern Civilization

By EDVARD WELLE-STRAND

FINLAND—a green sea of waving forest from the Gulf of Bothnia in the west to the Russian boundary in the east, primeval forest, sighing gently in the summer night or tossed by the fierce storms of autumn and winter—Finland is, even now, the fairyland of the North. There is a strong undercurrent of mysticism in nature and people, and he who has once drunk deep of that magic draught will forever long to return to Suomi, the land of forests and lakes. The fairy tale of Finland is in those thousand lakes, large and small, that cut the land with steel-blue strips or gleam like blue eyes, reflecting the pensive sadness and the joy of living which are united in the Finnish national character. He who has traveled through Finland in the summer, when the lakes spread like hero myths under the blue vault of heaven, while white vapor rises from heath and moor, and the night mists are drifting over the waters, drawing a white veil over the tall forests—he has seen the spirit of the North face to face.

The nature of Finland is a tender smile which may at any moment stiffen like ice. It is as though the night frost which hardens the soil in the early part of August were lying in wait even in the white nights of July, and when the land feels the first clutch of the cold at its fresh roots, it melts into one great wistful smile—the pale smile of the North. The melancholy strain which is so characteristic of the nature of Finland, makes a deep impression upon a stranger. It seems to reflect the sufferings of the people in our time. Ever since the Russian bear, which has crushed so many small nations, laid its paw on the dwellers in Finland, they have seen the slow but sure approach of the saddest fate that can befall a highly civilized and liberty-loving people, that of being wiped out from the ranks of independent nations. There is no need to repeat the story of Russian aggression. The Finlanders have borne their sufferings with a calm dignity that has won them the respect of the civilized world. This is the night frost that has ravaged the people at the height of their bloom, but the hope of justice is still a living sap in their souls. Nor will it die so long as a shred of Finnish culture remains in the land of a thousand lakes.

In the present struggle between Russians and Finlanders the latter have no other weapon than the intellectual superiority of the Northman over the Slav. The Slavic race has encroached upon Northern soil, and what is now happening in Finland is but a skirmish before the physical and mental trial of strength between Slav and Teuton which must be fought out in the North. If this fight-

ing of the advance guard should result in a deathblow to Northern civilization, there would be all the more vital need for the other nations of the North to stand firmly united against that onrush from the East which must come some time. We in Scandinavia, and particularly here in Norway, have been disposed to look upon the fight for freedom waged by the Finlanders as a private matter for them to settle with Russia as best they can. Yet if we regard it as a racial struggle, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the people of Finland, now being gagged by the brute power of Russia, are the outpost of Scandinavians in the east.

Ever since its political union with Sweden, following the crusade of St. Erik to Finland, in 1157, the land of a thousand lakes has been a part of Northern territory, in spite of the fact that two different races, Swedes and Finns, the latter again divided into Tavasts and Carelians, have had their home within its borders. The boundary line between Finland and Russia has been in fact the boundary line of Scandinavia toward the east, and even though the wall is now broken down by the Slavs, who have moved the confines of Asia to the very Gulf of Bothnia, yet Northern civilization has such deep roots in Finnish soil that it cannot be uprooted by the Slavs in the first hundred years.

History has more than once shown that the cultural flowering season of a people may come at the very time when it has been forced to its knees by a superior power. It might almost seem that the sword of Damocles hanging over its head moves a nation to gather all its powers as though to bring proof of its right to go on living. The store of intelligence and vital force which has slept in the depths of its nature may suddenly blossom out in art and literature. The people which has been adjudged incapable of making any contribution to civilization may suddenly stand forth spiritually reborn, with fresh blood and strong impulses, capable of creative work.

So the latent fire in the people of Finland has blazed out in their time of sorest trial, and the light shines out far beyond the confines of the North. The hot life-blood is seething in the veins of Suomi today and throbs in its art and literature. There is no doubt that Finnish culture today stands in the springtime of a rich flowering period. A new day is dawning, a day of promise.

That wave of national awakening which went over Europe in the thirties touched even the borders of the North, and a wind of national consciousness began to blow over the land of a thousand lakes. A Finnish Finland became the slogan. The first faint literary sproutings in the Finnish language appeared as early as in the fifteenth century, but the roots froze in the barren soil, and for

two hundred and fifty years there was nothing written in the language of Suomi beyond a few religious books. In the early part of the last century, interest in Finnish revived, but the question of which dialect should be considered the standard one caused bitter strife. The problem was solved by Elias Lönnrot, who fused the various dialects into one Finnish language in *Kalevala*.

As the language gained ground, a struggle resulted between the so-called Svekoman and Fennoman elements in the people. The former naturally upheld the Swedish language, which had been the official medium for centuries, while the latter labored energetically to have the Finnish tongue recognized in Suomi. For half a century the language war cast dark shadows over the country. With the fiery and enthusiastic Professor Yrjö Koskinen at the head of the Fennoman group, the Finnish language won territory, and it is now spoken by six-sevenths of the population. The Finnish language is rich in vowels. It is a branch of the Finno-Ugrian stem, but in the course of time it has been modified by other languages, especially the Swedish and the Russian. It has also adopted a number of words from old German, which, strange to say, have retained their original form. Outside of Finland, the language is spoken by about one hundred and fifty thousand persons in Russia and twenty thousand in Sweden and Norway. Quite a number of Finns live in the northern part of Norway, where they are called Kvæner and sometimes form entire settlements. If we count this emigrated Finland, Finnish is no doubt spoken by three million people.

The language war has, to some extent, led the people to separate along racial lines instead of standing firm against the danger from the east. Russia has therefore had plenty of opportunity to fish in troubled waters. The Russians have naturally done all they could to split the people into two camps, and they were genuinely surprised to see the two races suddenly standing as one nation, resisting the work of Russification when it went so far as to lay brutal hands on the constitution of the country. The people today are firmly united against the Russians, but the struggle between Finns and Swedes may still be felt as an undertow. In the end the Finnish race will no doubt win through superiority in numbers. Swedish civilization has nevertheless had a great mission in Finland. It has created the present Finnish culture and rejuvenated the Finnish race. It is the Swedish race, the Swedish language, and the Swedish civilization which has saved the people of Finland from being absorbed by the Russians, and Swedish culture is yet so strongly marked in Finland that it will take centuries before it will be entirely fused with the Finnish. The pressure from the east has, of course, been a factor in the awakening of the Finnish people and has given

impetus to the intensely national strain that runs through their literature, painting, music, and architecture. There seems no doubt that the Finns at present are the people which in the near future will make the greatest contributions to Northern culture.

It is difficult to predict what may be the outcome of the racial struggle in Finland. The great contrast between the Swedish and the Finnish groups, emphasized by the difference in language, will always be a source of danger while the country is under a foreign yoke. Yet Northern civilization has deep roots in Finnish soil. It is true, the Russians were able, in 1812, to crush the once invincible army of Napoleon when worn by hunger and cold, but it is by no means certain that they will be able to win in a purely intellectual and moral battle and to wipe out the marks set by the Northern race in Finland.

The Scandinavian peoples were once strong enough not only to conquer England and to defeat the Vends on Lyrskog heath but to force Germany to her knees. They were the steel in the Teutonic race, until they allowed their vital power to be drained away in their own bloody struggles for the supremacy in the North. It was an expensive blood-letting and might easily have led to their being forced out of Scandinavia, had fate not willed it otherwise.

Today it seems that the Scandinavian nations are at last waking out of their torpor, and a fresh stream of blood is coursing through their veins. For centuries they have been weakened because they have refused to understand the strength which lies in race solidarity but now, under the pressure of historic events, they are beginning to see that they must stand together, if they are to preserve Scandinavia for the Northern races. It is the fate of Finland which has waked in them this race consciousness—the strong wall so necessary if small nations of kindred origin are to maintain their boundary line either politically or culturally. It may be that they are destined to play a large part in the future history of the world. The Scandinavians are not only physically strong, but their civilization is the freshest shoot on the Teutonic stem. It may well be that any power which seeks to move the boundaries of Scandinavia will risk getting its own wings clipped. Now more than ever it is necessary to gather the people of the North under the banner of race.

The Old Mountain Troll

By GUSTAF FRÖDING

Translated from the Swedish by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

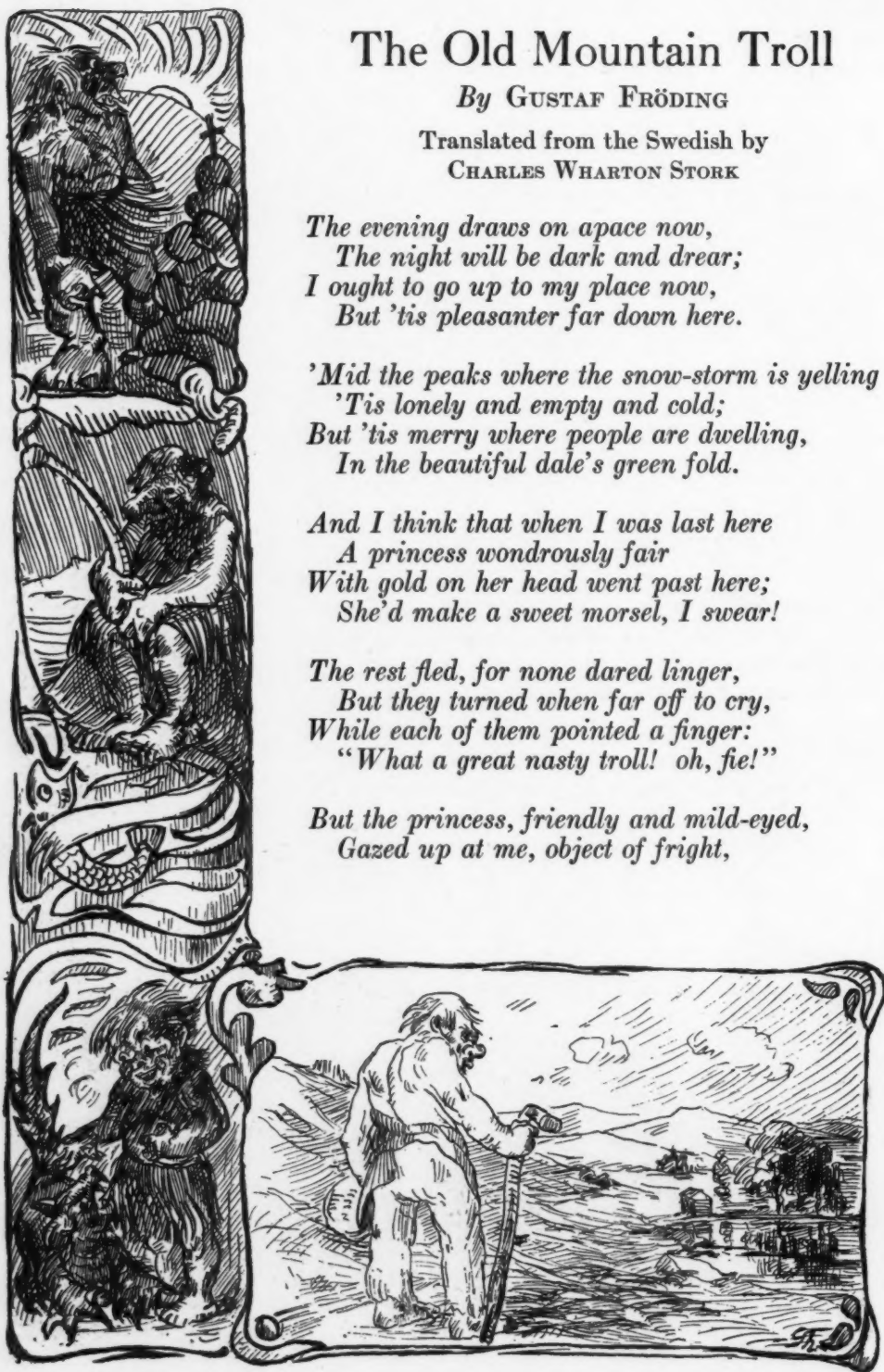
*The evening draws on apace now,
The night will be dark and drear;
I ought to go up to my place now,
But 'tis pleasanter far down here.*

*'Mid the peaks where the snow-storm is yelling
'Tis lonely and empty and cold;
But 'tis merry where people are dwelling,
In the beautiful dale's green fold.*

*And I think that when I was last here
A princess wondrously fair
With gold on her head went past here;
She'd make a sweet morsel, I swear!*

*The rest fled, for none dared linger,
But they turned when far off to cry,
While each of them pointed a finger:
"What a great nasty troll! oh, fie!"*

*But the princess, friendly and mild-eyed,
Gazed up at me, object of fright,*



*Though I must have looked evil and wild-eyed,
And her friends had all taken to flight.*

*Next time I will kiss her and hold her,
Though ugly of mouth am I,
And cradle and lull on my shoulder,
Saying: "Bye, little sweet-snout, bye!"*

*And into a sack I'll get her
And take her home with me straight,
And then at Yule I will eat her
Served up on a fine gold plate.*

*But hum, a-hum, but come, come, come!
Who'd look at me then so kindly?
I'm a dullard surely—a-hum, a-hum!—
To think the thing out so blindly.*

*Let the Christian child go in peace then!
As for us, we're but trolls, are we,
She'd make such a savoury mess then
'Twould be hard to let her be.*

*And yet things easily move us,
Though we're lonely and wicked and dull,
Some teaching would surely improve us
And get through even my old skull.*



Siesta

By ALEXANDER KIELLAND

Translated from the Norwegian by HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

IN one of the most elegant bachelor apartments in the Rue Castiglione a hilarious dinner party had just reached the dessert. Signor Jose Francisco de Silvis was a squat, coal-black Portuguese of the type of men that we are accustomed to see hailing from Brazil, bringing incredible riches, living an incredible life in Paris, and especially distinguishing himself by an incredible circle of acquaintances. In the little party there was scarcely one who knew his neighbor, except those who had arrived in couples. The host himself they knew from some ball or table d'hôte or perhaps from the street.

Signor de Silvis laughed and talked loudly wherever he came, as rich strangers do, and since he could not attain the level of the Jockey Club, he gathered up whatever he could find. He always asked the address of any one he met, and the next day he sent an invitation to a little dinner. He spoke all languages, even German, and it was evident that he was not a little proud when he called out across table: "*Mein lieber Herr Doctor, wie geht's Ihnen?*"

There was actually a real German doctor present, overgrown with a light red beard and wearing the smile of Sedan which Germans wear in Paris.

The temperature of the party rose with the champagne; fluent French and broken French mingled with Spanish and Portuguese; the ladies were leaning back in their chairs laughing; the intimacy had progressed so rapidly that there was no embarrassment; jokes and witticisms flew across the table from mouth to mouth; only "*der liebe doctor*" was disputing seriously with his neighbor, a French journalist with a red ribbon in his button-hole.

There was one other who was not carried away by the general hilarity. He sat at the right hand of Mlle. Adele; at her left was her new lover, the fat Anatole, who had eaten too many truffles. During the dinner Mlle. Adele had tried by many little innocent arts to thaw her neighbor to the right, but he had remained impassive, had replied courteously but briefly and in a low voice.

At first she thought he was a Pole, one of the tiresome people who go about parading their banishment. But she soon perceived that she was mistaken, and the perception piqued Mlle. Adele. The knack of labelling instantly the foreigners she met was one of her numerous specialties, and she was in the habit of declaring that she could tell a man's nationality when she had exchanged ten words with him. But the taciturn stranger puzzled her. If he had been

blond she would have set him down as an Englishman, for he spoke like one, but he had black hair, a thick black moustache, and a slight figure. His fingers were unusually long, and he had a peculiar manner of picking at the bread and playing with his dessert fork.

"He is a musician," whispered Mlle. Adele to her fat friend.

"Ah," said M. Anatole, "I am afraid I have eaten too many truffles."

Mademoiselle whispered a bit of good advice in his ear, whereat he laughed and looked amorous. At the same time she could not give up the interesting stranger. When she had persuaded him to drink several glasses of champagne, he thawed slightly and talked more.

"Ah," she cried suddenly, "I can hear it in your accent; you are an Englishman, after all."

The stranger's whole face reddened as he replied quickly, "No, madame."

Mlle. Adele laughed. "I beg your pardon; I know the Americans are angry when they are taken for Englishmen."

"I am not an American either," said the stranger.

This was too much for Mlle. Adele. She bent over her plate and looked cross, for she noticed that Mlle. Louison from across the table had seen her discomfiture and rejoiced in it.

The stranger noticed it, too, and added in a low voice, "I am an Irishman, madame."

"Ah," said mademoiselle with a grateful smile, for she was easily mollified. "Anatole, Irishman, what's that?" she whispered.

"It is the poor people in England," he whispered in reply.

"Oh." Mlle. Adele lifted her eyebrows and cast a furtive glance at her neighbor on the right; he had suddenly lost interest.

De Silvis's dinners were excellent. The meal had lasted a long time, and when M. Anatole thought of the oysters with which he had begun, they seemed to him a beautiful dream. The truffles, however, were still a reality. The real feeding was over. Once in a while a hand reached for a glass or picked at the fruit or the small cakes.

Mlle. Louison, blonde and sentimental, fell into a reverie over a grape which she had dropped into a glass of champagne. Tiny bright air-bubbles had fastened themselves round about the skin, and when it was entirely covered by the little white pearls, they lifted the heavy grape through the wine to the surface.

"See," said Mlle. Louison, turning her large, swimming eyes on the journalist, "see how white angels carry a sinner to heaven."

"Ah, *charmant*, mademoiselle, what a sublime thought," cried the journalist enthusiastically.

Mlle. Louison's sublime thought went the round of the table and

was received with delight. But the frivolous Adele whispered to her fat lover: "I am afraid it would take a lot of angels to carry you, Anatole."

The journalist, however, seized the moment and knew how to hold the general attention. He was glad to escape from a laborious political discussion with the German, and his red ribbon and journalistic tone of superiority made everybody listen to him. He developed the thought of small powers which, when united, are able to lift great burdens, and from this he went over to the theme of the day: the great collections taken up by the newspapers for the aid of the sufferers by flood in Spain and for the poor in Paris. He had a great deal to say on this subject, and he referred to the press continually as "we," talking himself warm as he spoke of "these millions which we have gathered together with so much self-sacrifice."

Then the others all remembered and told of countless small instances of self-sacrifice that smacked of charity observed during these days crowded with amusement. Mlle. Louison's best friend, an insignificant lady seated near the foot of the table, told, in spite of Louison's protest, of how the lady had taken three sempstresses up to her own apartment and kept them there sewing all night before the Hippodrome. She had given the poor girls food and coffee besides their wages. Mlle. Louison suddenly became a very important person at the table, and the journalist began to show her a particular attention.

All these traits of altruism combined with the swimming eyes of Louison to put the whole company in a contented and peacefully benevolent frame of mind, well suited to the fatigue following on the arduous meal. This sense of well-being rose still another degree or two when the diners were comfortably settled in the soft chairs in the cool salon.

There was no light except the flames in the fireplace. The red glow passed over the English carpet, followed the golden stripes in the wallpaper, shone on a gilded picture frame and on the piano standing opposite, and bringing out here and there a face from the deeper darkness beyond. Otherwise, there was nothing to be seen but the red points of cigars and cigarettes.

Conversation died away, but here and there was heard a whisper or the sound of a coffee-cup being put away. All seemed disposed to enjoy the calm pleasures of digestion and their benevolent mood. Even M. Anatole forgot his truffles as he leaned back in a low chair near the sofa where Mlle. Adele had seated herself.

"Won't somebody give us some music?" asked Signor de Silvis from his chair. "Mlle. Adele—you are always so kind."

"Oh, no," cried Mlle. Adele; "I have had too much dinner,"

and she leaned back in the sofa, lifting her little feet and folding her hands across her silken dress.

But the stranger, the Irishman, rose from his corner and approached the instrument.

"Ah, you will play for us. A thousand thanks, Monsieur—hm—". Signor de Silvis had forgotten the name, as he often did forget the names of his guests.

"There you see, he is a musician," said Mlle. Adele to her friend. Anatole grunted admiringly.

This was clear to all, however, only from the manner in which the stranger seated himself and without any preparation struck a few chords as if to wake the instrument to life. Then he began to play, lightly, caressingly, frivolously, as the occasion called it out. The songs of the day were whirled in among bits of waltzes and ballads; all the trifles that Paris hums for a week were blended in a brilliant rhythmic flow.

The ladies cried out in admiration, sang a few measures and beat time with their little feet. The whole party followed with rapt attention; he had struck their mood and caught them all up with him in the very beginning. Only *der liebe doctor* listened with his smile of Sedan; these things were too light for him.

But soon there came something for the German. A bit of Chopin rose to the surface, blending wonderfully with the atmosphere, the pungent fragrance that filled the air, the light women, these people so frank and careless, all strangers to one another, hidden in the half-darkened salon, each pursuing his most secret thoughts, borne on by the mysterious, half-veiled music, while the light of the fire rose and fell, calling forth golden glints in the darkness.

There was more and more for the doctor. Sometimes he turned on De Silvis and signaled him, at some strain from "our Schumann," "our Beethoven," or even of "our famous Richard."

Meanwhile the stranger played on and on, evenly and without any effort, bending slightly to the left to gain power in the bass. It seemed that he must have twenty fingers and all of steel; he gathered up the crowding notes and made the instrument give out one whole grand wave of sound. Without pause, without marking transitions, he brought ever new surprises, allusions, startling combinations, riveting the attention of even the least musical of his listeners.

But imperceptibly the music changed color. The artist played farther and farther down, bending more to the left, and there was a strange unrest in the bass. Baptists from *The Prophet* came treading heavily; a rider from *Damnation de Faust* came clattering from the deeps in a despairing, limping gallop of hell.

There were rumblings and ever more ominous rumblings in the depths, and M. Anatole began to feel the truffles again. Mlle.

Adele half rose; the music would not let her rest. Here and there the firelight shone on a pair of black eyes staring at the player. He had lured them to follow, and now they could not escape; farther and farther down he carried them, always down to where there were murmurings as of dull and muffled threats and groans.

"He plays a splendid left hand," said the doctor.

But De Silvis did not hear him; he was like all the others, caught in breathless attention.

A clammy terror went out from the music and laid its grip on them all. The artist seemed to be tying with his left hand a knot that would never be loosed, while the right flew up and down in the treble like a throwing of flames. Something terrible seemed plotting down below, while above there was feasting and merriment.

There was a sigh, almost a scream from one of the ladies, who felt ill, but no one noticed it. The artist was deep down in the bass now, working there with both hands, and the tireless fingers whirled the notes together, until they seemed to creep coldly up and down the backs of the listeners. But in the threatening, growling sound deep down there began an upward movement. The notes ran together, ran over and past one another, upward, always upward without ever getting anywhere. There was a wild fight to get up; a crowding of little black creatures, tearing and pulling; a passionate eagerness, a feverish haste. They were crawling, clutching with hands and teeth, kicking one another, with curses, shrieks, prayers, and all the time his hands were gliding upward, but with, oh—such agonizing slowness.

"Anatole," whispered Mlle. Adele, pale as death, "he is playing poverty."

"Oh, my truffles," groaned Anatole.

Suddenly there was light in the salon. Two servants with lamps and chandeliers appeared between the portières, and in the same moment the strange musician ceased his playing, chopping it off as he threw his steel fingers with all their strength into a discord, so impossible, so hideous that the whole party started up.

"Take out the lamps," cried De Silvis.

"No, no," screamed Adele, "bring the lights; I don't dare to be in the dark. Oh, the terrible creature!"

Who was he? Who could he be? Involuntarily they all gathered around their host, and no one noticed that the stranger had slipped out behind the servants. De Silvis tried to laugh. "I think it must have been the devil himself. Come, let us go to the opera."

"To the opera! Not for the world," cried Louison. "I don't want to hear music for two weeks, and think of the crowds on the stairs of the opera-house!"

"Oh, my truffles!" groaned Anatole.

The party dissolved. All felt suddenly that they were strangers in a strange place, and each wanted to go home to his own.

When the journalist escorted Mlle. Louison to her carriage, he said: "This is what comes of allowing yourself to be persuaded to visit these half-barbarians; you never know whom you will meet."

"Ah, no; he quite spoiled my lovely mood," said Louison sadly, and turned her swimming eyes upon him. "Will you go with me to La Trinité? I know there is a low mass said there at twelve."

The journalist bowed and entered the carriage.

When Mlle. Adele and M. Anatole drove past the English drug-store in Rue de la Paix, he ordered the driver to stop and said, "I think I must get off and get something for those truffles. You don't mind? You see, that music—"

"Not at all, my friend. To tell the truth, I think we are neither of us ourselves tonight. Good night, till tomorrow then." She leaned back in her carriage, relieved to be alone, and the light creature wept as though she had been whipped, while she drove to her home. Anatole felt better when he saw the carriage disappear. Since the time they first met they had never been so well satisfied with each other as in the moment when they parted.

The one who had stood it best was the doctor, who, as a German, was hardened to music. Yet he decided to take a long walk to the Brasserie Muller in Rue Richelieu to get a good honest German pot of beer and perhaps a slice of ham on top of it all.



A Royal Gardener*

WHEN Margaret of Connaught, the Crown Princess of Sweden, came, in 1905, to live in her adopted country, she brought with her that love of flowers which is an old tradition in her native land, and which has produced there an art of gardening unequalled in other European countries. The summer residence of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess since their marriage has been the castle Sofiero, situated in the south of Sweden on the coast of Öresund, with a wonderful view of the Danish shore across the water.

It is a lovely spot, but before the Crown Princess came it lacked one thing, flowers. "The whole place was like the enchanted forest where the fairy princess was lying asleep. That might have been very nice for her, but we wished something else, something better," and so the Crown Princess describes how she went to work. She

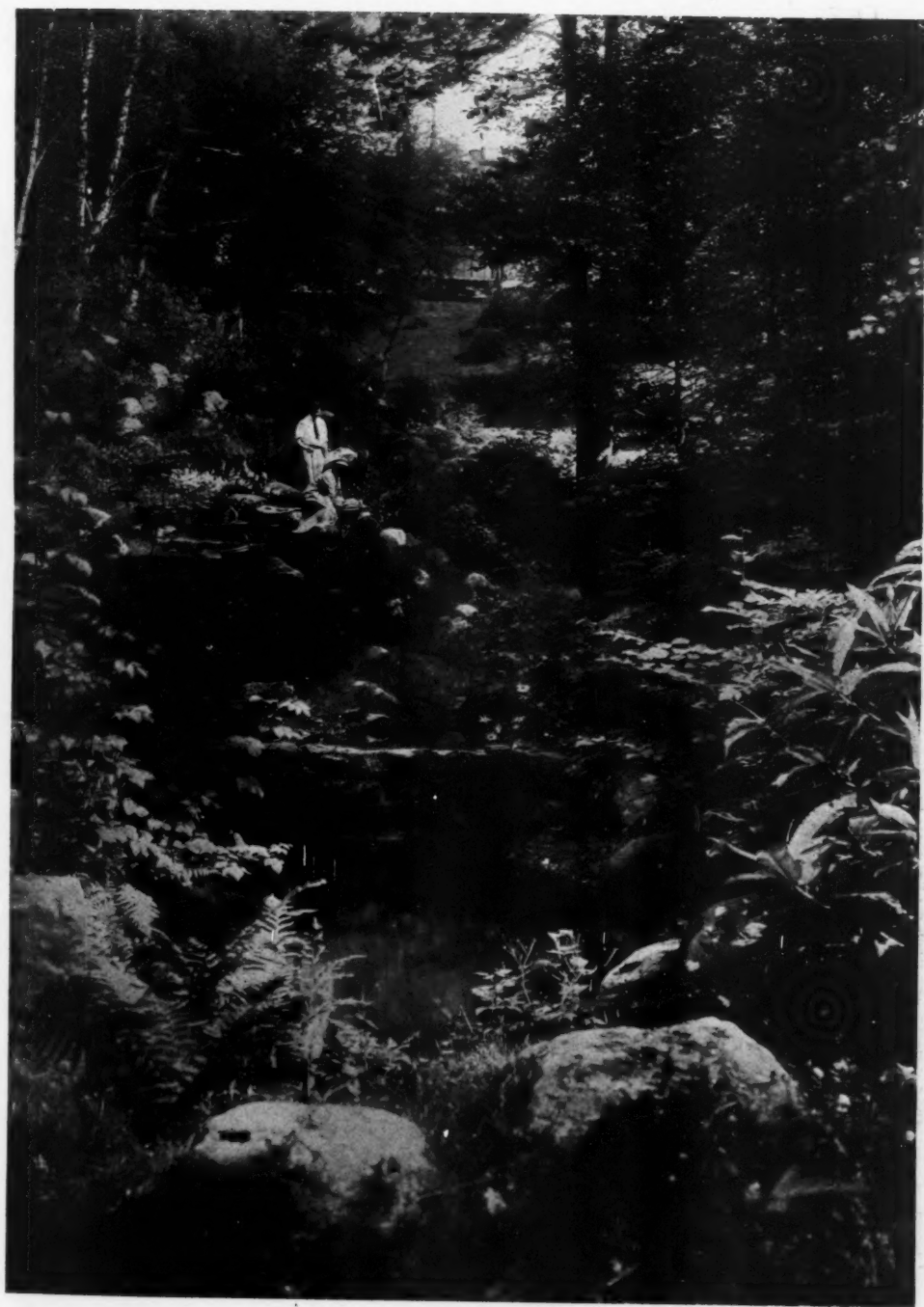
takes us with her from the very first step and shows us every spot in the garden. We look with admiration at the aristocratic roses and the gorgeous flowers that form the body-guard of the castle. When she promises to take us to her favorite corner, we look round among the most charming of them to find the one that has captured her heart, but to our surprise we are conducted far away from them all—way off to the gardener's little cottage. There she shows us a bed of insignificant flowers, but the merry dance of the butterflies around them tells us that they must have other attractions besides color, and when we come nearer we feel that wonderful odor



Photo by the Crown Princess

A BIT OF THE GARDEN

* Var trädgård på Sofiero. Af Margareta. Stockholm. P. A. Norstedt och Söner, 1915. \$2.50.
American agents, Albert Bonnier, New York.



LOOKING TOWARD THE CASTLE

Photo by the Crown Princess

which filled our grandmothers' linen chests and scent-boxes. It is the odor of rosmarin and thyme and lavender and marjoram, the old-fashioned flowers known already from the time of the nuns and their old cloister-gardens.

She also shows us how a rock garden can be transformed so as to become interesting, a real museum of flowers. We listen with particular interest, because in many parts of Sweden that seems to be the only kind of gardening nature has provided, furnishing in fact the raw material in the abundant stones.

The book is full of good advice and illustrated with beautiful pictures in color and black and white from photographs taken by the Crown Princess herself, which make it a pleasure to recommend it to all garden-lovers. Moreover it is published for a worthy purpose, the proceeds going to the public schools of domestic science and nursing, in which the Crown Princess takes a warm interest.

G. L.



PRISONERS' RELIEF ORGANIZED BY CROWN PRINCESS MARGARETA

The figure in the foreground, to the left, is that of Crown Princess Margareta of Sweden. Standing behind her is an American woman, Mrs. Thorsten Laurin. See the editorial on page 307.

Hiawatha and Kalevala

*"Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest—"*

WHO has not rolled over his tongue the mellifluous measures in the opening lines of *Hiawatha*? When the poem appeared, Longfellow was hailed, not only as the creator of the first genuinely American epic, but as the inventor of a new verse form. Indeed, so strangely did it fall on American ears, that it created a popular sensation, and was widely parodied, though one suspects that even the parodist was unconsciously moved less by lust of ridicule than by pure sensuous pleasure in its musical cadence. It was a surprise, therefore, when Thomas Conrad Porter published an article showing that the form was not original, but borrowed from *Kalevala*, which was certainly known to Longfellow in the Swedish and German translations. The meter was the same, the rhymeless trochaic tetrameter with the frequent alliteration so foreign to the English language, and likewise the oriental method of repeating the same thought two, three, or four times in a different way. Not only that, but Professor Porter claimed that *Hiawatha* in structure and spirit came nearer to *Kalevala* than to the fragmentary Ojibway legends upon which it was supposed to be founded, and that there were even parallel passages.

The song of *Hiawatha* was learned

*"From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
'In the birds'-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyrie of the eagle!
All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!'"*

The prelude to *Kalevala* says:

*"These are words my childhood taught me
Songs preserved from distant ages.*

* * * *

*There are many other legends,
Incantations that were taught me,
That I found along the wayside,
Gathered in the fragrant copses,
Blown me from the forest branches,
Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
Scented from the vines and flowers,
Whispered to me as I followed
Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
Over hillocks green and golden,
After sable-haired Murikki,
And the many-colored Kimmo.
Many runes the cold has told me,
Many lays the rain has brought me,
Other songs the winds have sung me;
Many birds from many forests,
Oft have sung me lays in concord.
Waves of sea and ocean billows,
Music from the many waters,
Music from the whole creation."* *

The lives of Hiawatha and of Wainemoinen, the hero of *Kalevala*, offer similar features. Hiawatha was born of the lovely Wenonah, whose mother had fallen from the moon, and his father was the West Wind Mudjekeewis. Wainemoinen's mother was the Daughter of the Air, who fell down into the sea to be wooed by the Storm Wind. Hiawatha taught his people the arts of peace. Wainemoinen, too, was the teacher and benefactor of his people. The building of the boat and the petition to three different trees that they give of their wood occur in both poems. Hiawatha conquers the King of Fishes, and Wainemoinen kills a huge pike. From its bones he fashions the first kantele and plays upon it so sweetly that the birds hush their song to listen, an incident that is paralleled by Hiawatha's friend, Chibiados, when he plays his flute of reeds. Pau-Puk-Keewis has his prototype in the lively Lemminkainen, and the very strong man Kwasind suggests the tragic figure of Kullervo.

Most striking of all, however, is the resemblance in the passing of the two heroes. Wainemoinen lives to see his successor born of the virgin Mariatta. Then, his life-work done, he sails away into the sunset. Hiawatha welcomes in his lodge "the black-robe chief, the pale-face, with the cross upon his bosom," and, commending the

* Translated by John Martin Crawford. J. B. Alden Publishing Co., New York, 1888.

new faith to his people, enters his canoe and disappears in the purple distance.

*"On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch-canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! westward!'
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendour,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance."*

So Hiawatha left his people. Compare with this the passing of Wainemoinen:

*"Thus the ancient Wainemoinen
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset
To the higher-landed regions,
To the lower verge of heaven:
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-colored harbor.
There his bark he firmly anchored,
Rested in his boat of copper;
But he left his harp of magic,
Left his songs and wisdom-sayings,
To the lasting joy of Suomi."*

The Literature of Finland

By OLAF HOMÉN

Translated from the Author's Manuscript

FINLAND, until the year 1809, formed one kingdom with Sweden. Seven hundred years of political and religious union had created a perfect similarity in social conditions, customs, and modes of thought on both sides of the Gulf of Bothnia. As a natural consequence, there was no Finnish literature distinct from that of Sweden, and the productions of authors born in Finland simply swelled the common stream. Yet we may observe in them similar temperamental traits that seem to be their common heritage.

Aside from certain learned poets and scientific writers connected with the University of Finland, founded in Åbo in 1640, Jakob Frese (born 1691, died 1729) is the first author who may be said to strike a peculiarly Finnish note in Swedish literature. His poems are characterized by an unaffected warmth of feeling, a calm but fervid sentiment, which gradually assumes a more plaintive strain and becomes dominated by the religious note. The same softness and tenderness are apparent in Count Gustaf Filip Creutz (born 1731, died 1785), in Mikael Choraëus (born 1774, died 1806), and in Frans Mikael Franzén (born 1772, died in Sweden in 1847). Creutz, who was prominent in the diplomatic service and acted as Swedish ambassador to Madrid and Paris, was the author of a pastoral, *Atis och Camilla*, which is permeated with the innocent sentiment of the genuine idyl. Franzén was a bishop and wrote religious as well as secular lyrics, both of which are instinct with charm and purity of feeling. He is a poet of rank, and many of his songs are still widely read and sung.

In the years 1808 and 1809 those events occurred by which "Finland was raised to a place among the nations"—to speak in the words with which our first Russian Grand Duke, Czar Alexander I, described the political significance of the parting with Sweden. The people were forced to stand on their own feet and to take the guidance of their intellectual development into their own hands. Fresh impetus and new significance were thereby given a movement which may be traced back to the first third of the eighteenth century. In that period the interest in the natural sciences and in political economy which marked the century throughout Europe began to penetrate even to Finland. The University at Åbo became a nursery for research under the sign of utilitarianism. Its immediate result, as far as literature was concerned, was to call forth some economic poetry, which we need not dwell upon. A more

far-reaching effect was the tendency of these endeavors to develop the resources of Finland and to strengthen the foundations of its material means of subsistence. The various aims and efforts gradually coalesced, and toward the end of the century Henrik Gabriel Porthan, professor and librarian in Åbo (born 1739, died 1804) fused them in a conscious work for the spiritual and material advancement of his country. The historical importance of Porthan is two fold. As an esthete and a thinker he has contributed, perhaps more than any one else, to give the scientific theory of Sweden and Finland a rationalistic bent. As a realist and experimental philosopher, he stimulated research in various fields of Finnish culture, and thereby laid the foundation which made it possible, after 1809, to develop that culture independently. Porthan may thus be said to close the Swedish and to open the Finnish period in the intellectual life of his country.

The two decades following 1809 were more fruitful in ideas than in accomplishments. Porthan had studied the poetry that lived on the Finnish tongue. Under the influence of the national consciousness which characterized this period in Finland as in other countries, the interest in folk-lore developed into a fixed purpose. Adolf Ivar Arwidsson (born 1791, died in Sweden in 1858) and others wrote in the literary magazines propounding their theory that the civilization of a country should lie as close to the common people as possible and its literature grow from folk-songs and tales. The soul of the people was called the one true well-spring from which a higher culture could draw life and renewal. None of the champions of this theory had the power to give it vital expression in poetry, but their thought, with its democratic and broadly national appeal, became one of the chief elements in that new conception of life which the people was gradually fashioning for itself. Indeed it may be said even now to characterize the average opinion, which has a decided democratic trend.

The man who, more than any one else, guided the development of the country in this direction was Johan Ludvig Runeberg, the national poet of Finland. Runeberg was born in 1804. He studied in the University, first at Åbo and, after that institution had been moved to the new capital, at Helsingfors. His course was interrupted by a period spent as tutor to two or three families living in the interior. There Runeberg, whose home was in the coast region, had an opportunity, for the first time, to become intimately acquainted with the Finnish-speaking part of the nation. His sojourn there became of the utmost importance by intensifying his love of nature and giving breadth and depth to his sympathies. After completing his studies, Runeberg was engaged as instructor in Roman literature at the University; a few years later, in 1837, he was appointed pro-

fessor in the ancient classical languages at the *Gymnasium* at Borgå, a small town in the vicinity of Helsingfors, where he remained until his death in 1877.

The fundamental traits in Runeberg's production are determined by his strong sense of reality combined with the religious faith that is deeply rooted in his nature, while as a third factor we may regard the influence of the Greek spirit which his calm, harmonious, healthy personality was so well fitted to receive. The classical element in Runeberg is no mere imitation; it is the fruit of the close affinity existing between his own spirit and that of antiquity. The plastic and beautiful clarity of his lyrical and epical work is the result of artistic endeavor following the line of his own impulses.

The esthetic and ethic principles of Runeberg are built on two or three simple ideas which may be summed up as a demand for har-

mony. This is to him at once a religious, an artistic, and a moral conception. It is above all things an insistence on truthfulness in the artist as in the man. Truth may be won by reconciling the opposites that would mar a perfect integrity, not by any careful weighing of for and against, still less by any glossing under the sign of compromise, but by brushing aside what is of lesser worth, what is dubious and half-hearted. He would have character formed from a few simple, harmonious, basic qualities. Manly courage, righteousness, and loyalty are the virtues he prefers to exalt and which form the conception of honor contained in his practical code of action and his literary theory. In *Fänrik Ståls Sägner*, two poetic cycles appearing in 1848 and 1860, and



JOHAN LUDVIG RUNEBERG

dedicated to the heroes of the war of 1808 and 1809, these virtues are seen from the angle of patriotism, and love of the fatherland is made the synthesis of all worthy human qualities. The importance of *Fänrik Ståls Sägner* is not only in the literary merits that place it in the very foremost rank of Swedish and Finnish literature; rather

it is in the warmth and potency which these songs gave to the national sentiment in his country. The same spirit is found in his epics *Elgskyttarna*, *Hanna*, and *Julkvällen*, all of which depict scenes from Finnish nature and Finnish folk life with that wonderful realistic idealism that distinguishes his art.

Runeberg's religion takes the form of a fresh and spontaneous piety. He belongs to life with all his healthy senses, and he sees in the beauty of the earth a form of divine revelation. The sense of a profounder truth underlying the harmony of the external world gives to his nature lyrics, in spite of their simplicity, a peculiarly deep note as of a hymn. His feeling that all worthiness in men is the reflection from a higher world is the source of the fervid and noble pathos with which he describes the heroism of his plain, unsophisticated people in *Fänrik Ståls Sägner*. He emphasizes in them a few elementary virtues fused by a calm devotion to the fatherland, and in the same manner he eliminates from his nature descriptions all the accidental or unessential, while keeping to the main lines. In the one as in the other we may detect a distrust of individualization as a hindrance to the absorption of the individual in that idea which is truth.

This is actually the manner in which he presents the problem when he essays to consider man in his relation to the divine in his epic poem, *Kung Fjalar*, published in 1843, and translated into English. Against the gods and their laws Fjalar pits himself and his desires; the will of man and the will of the godhead try strength—the individual rises in revolt, sustained by a sense of his own power, against the demand made upon him. The tragic poem closes with the purification of Fjalar through suffering; he conquers his egoism and admits that the divine is above the human. The theme of the poem is Old Norse; the names are those of Ossian, but the spirit in large measure is that of the Greek tragedy. Technically, *Kung Fjalar*, chiefly by reason of its stately rhythm, is unsurpassed in Swedish literature, and as an epic poem it has few equals in the world.

In closing our summary review of Runeberg's work, we may designate him as a classic author standing on realistic ground. Clarity and simplicity are the qualities he insists on and which his own writings possess in a marked degree. Introspection is foreign to him. His own development carried him toward what was calm, harmonious, and poised, while his optimism caused him to see these qualities as natural attributes of human beings and of the external world. This optimism, however, was ennobled by his tranquil, manly sentiment until it became a conscious faith. It penetrates his work in its warm, quiet pathos, and through his poems it has

descended upon later generations, which have in sooth not lacked occasion to call upon it.

Among Runeberg's contemporaries in the first half of the century there is, strictly speaking, but one whose work continues to live. Lars Stenbäck, a clergyman (born 1811, died 1870), appears through his poems as a strong, passionate nature. He is as subjective and fervid as Runeberg is classic and controlled. His religion grew into a gloomy, severe Pietism, under the influence of which he deemed it his duty to renounce his muse. A little before the middle of the century we have Emil von Quanten (born 1827, died in Sweden 1903), the author of lyrical poems full of gentle sentiment. Shortly after the middle of the century appeared a writer who seemed destined to be a great poet, Josef Julius Wecksell (born 1838, died 1907). Unfortunately his production was cut short by illness, at the age of twenty-four, after he had published a collection of poems of great lyric beauty and tremulous feeling and an historical tragedy, *Daniel Hjort*, one of the comparatively few plays in Swedish literature that possesses true dramatic quality.

The man who succeeded Runeberg as the central literary figure



ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS

of Finland was Zacharias Topelius (born 1818, died 1898). The work of Topelius is many-sided and comprehensive. As a song-writer, his facile construction, melodious, singable tone, and popular imagery give him a very high rank. He is also distinguished as a writer of political and didactic verse. His

poems are published in several volumes entitled *Ljungblommor*, *Nya Blad*, and *Ljung*. His position as a newspaper editor led him to write numerous short stories, which were published in a collection called *Vinterkvällar*. Among his best-known works are *Feltskärens Berättelser*, a cycle of novels dealing with the history of Sweden and Finland. These have been translated into English. They are remarkable for their easy, flowing narrative style and their graphic, sparkling quality. Topelius has also to his credit some dramatic works, among them *Regina von Emmeritz*, which has retained its

place on the stage until now, and a number of popular stories, published in seven volumes under the title *Läsning för barn*. Topelius conceived it as his mission to carry on Runeberg's task of national unification. This purpose gives his work a conscious didactic strain which is entirely lacking in Runeberg. While Runeberg's religious feeling was latent and rarely found expression in preaching, Topelius loves to instill the truths of a positive Christianity. His idealism, which was united with a fervid patriotism, has been a potent influence.

Among the numerous writers of the epoch beginning in the eighties, Karl August Tavaststjerna (born 1860, died 1898), ranks considerably above all others. In every field, whether it be that of the novel or the short story, the lyric poem or the drama, he breaks new ground; his first collection of poems, *För Morgonbris*, published in 1883, marks an important date in the history of literature. With Tavaststjerna modern realism makes its entry into the literature of Finland. Yet it is not the typical, that is the French, realism he represents. He lacks the power of the naturalist to let the facts speak and to subordinate himself to them; he is always reacting against them after the fashion of the romanticist. On the other hand, he has that specific gift of realism which perceives every shade in the shifting play of life. There was about him an atmosphere of incessant strife. His nature had a strain of misanthropy which comes more and more to the surface and adds to the discord. His latest works, a collection of poems and an epic, *Laureatus*, are his ripest. The beauty and vigor of his verse may have marked the beginning of a new phase leading to final clarity and harmony, which perhaps was interrupted by his untimely death.

The generation now writing counts a number of authors of verse and prose, among them some that are important. The leading name is that of Mikael Lybeck (born 1864), an exquisite artist of strongly marked individuality, ranking high as a lyric poet, a novelist, and a dramatist. Other poets that may be mentioned are Hjalmar Procopé, Arvid Mörne, Jacob Tegengren, and Baron Bertil Gripenberg. In prose writing we have a number of young authors, some remarkably gifted in the matter of form, but none of great significance.

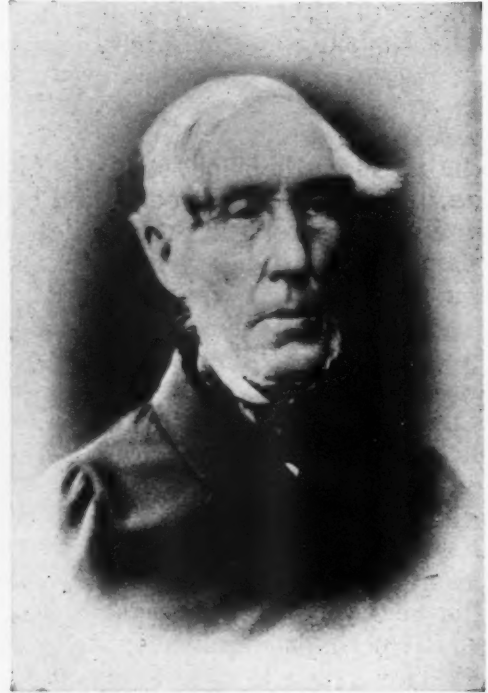
Literature and research in history and folk-lore have support in the Swedish Literary Society, founded in 1885 by Professor Carl Gustaf Estlander, an esthete and essayist (born 1834, died 1910). Organs of literary criticism are *Finsk Tidskrift*, founded by Estlander in 1876, and *Nya Argus*, founded in 1908. Our most distinguished literary critic is Professor Werner Söderhjelm (born 1859), a brilliant writer, who unites the gifts of the scientist and the artist, and who has accomplished an important work as an exponent of modern ideas in various fields. An art philosopher of European

fame is the esthete and literary critic, Professor Yrjö Hirn (born 1870), author of *Origins of Art or the Sacred Shrine*. Among younger research workers and critics may be noted Dr. Gunnar Castrén (born 1878).

A survey of Swedish literature in Finland is impossible without at least a reference to the Finnish. We must therefore give space to a few outstanding facts. Most important is the appearance, in 1835, of the national epic of the Finnish people, *Kalevala*, the songs of which were collected by Elias Lönnrot (born 1802, died 1884). It was likewise Lönnrot who published the lyrical folk-songs *Kanteletar* in 1840.

The publicist and statesman, Johan Vilhelm Snellman (born 1806, died 1881), should be mentioned in this connection. It is true, he was born in Stockholm and wrote in Swedish, but it was he who, in the spirit of Hegel, gave theoretic expression to the newly awakened national feeling.

The first great writer in the domain of pure literature to use Finnish as a medium is Alexis Kivi (born 1834, died 1872). Besides numerous dramas, he has written the first novel, a remarkable picture of folk life entitled *Seitsemän veljestä*. As the actual creator of modern Finnish prose Juhani Aho (born 1861) is usually named. The chief writer of lyric poetry in present-day Finland is Eino Leino (born 1878). It will thus be seen that literature in the Finnish language does not date far back. Yet in the short period of its existence it has already put forth a rich bloom.



JOHAN VILHELM SNELLMAN

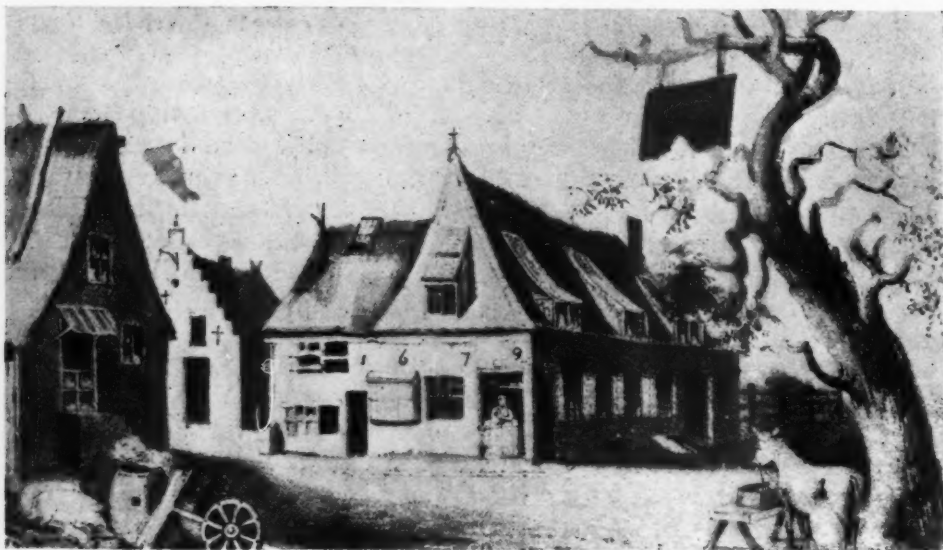
Unseating Father Knickerbocker*

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER has hitherto been almost the only foreigner in our Colonial history. According to Professor Evjen, the legend of him and his web-footed dame and full-skirted daughters, so delightfully told by Washington Irving, has obscured the fact that New York, then as now, was the most polyglot spot on the American continent. Yet Washington Irving himself was, in his youth, engaged to marry a descendant of one of the early Swedish immigrants in New York, Mathilda Hoffmann, whose untimely death he mourned all his life.

The field of Scandinavian settlement in New York "had hardly seen a plow" so late as in 1909, when Professor Flom in his scholarly *History of Norwegian Immigration* could record only two Norwegian names in Dutch colonial times, but an unexpectedly rich harvest has rewarded Professor Evjen for his pioneer labors. In the seventeenth century there was a brisk trade between Holland and Scandinavia. Holland was the great maritime nation of the time, and a contemporary Danish author estimates that between eight and nine thousand Scandinavian sailors shipped in Dutch vessels. Not a few settled in Holland, and what more natural for these inheritors of the roving blood than to sail with their Dutch friends to the new world? Scandinavian immigration, outside of the Swedish colony on the Delaware, was entirely confined to New Netherlands and almost ceased when that colony passed into the hands of the English, in 1674.

Tracing these immigrants to their Northern homes has required years of patient investigation. The author has established the nationality of one hundred and eighty-eight, of whom fifty-seven were Norwegians, ninety-seven Danes, and thirty-four Swedes. He has arranged their names alphabetically within their national groups and built up around each the biographical material gleaned from parish records of births, deaths, marriages, and sponsorships, from court records of litigation, public documents, bills of sale, wills, lists of soldiers, and of the passengers on ships. The task was the more difficult, as names offer but little clue to nationality; they were sometimes translated, sometimes subjected to phonetic spelling, sometimes coined or adopted outright. "Jaen Swaen was one of my Swedish candidates," says Professor Evjen, "until I traced him to his original home in Africa. . . . Less promising were the candidates Hans and Hendrick, both without surnames, but Hans

* *Scandinavian Immigrants in New York, 1630-1674. With Appendices on Scandinavians in Mexico and South America, 1532-1640; Scandinavians in Canada, 1619-1620; Some Scandinavians in New York in the Eighteenth Century; German Immigrants in New York, 1630-1674.* By John O. Evjen, Ph.D. Illustrated. Minneapolis, K. C. Holter Publishing Company, 1916. xxiv and 438 pages. Price \$2.50 net.



A CHARACTERISTIC HOUSE IN NEW AMSTERDAM

proved to be a Mohawk Indian and Hendrick a plain Indian." It is a common error to suppose that Bergen in New Jersey was named from the Norwegian city. Professor Evjen says it was named from Bergen op Zoon, but the Bergen family in this country is descended from Hans Hansen, a ship carpenter from Bergen in Norway. Laurens Andriessen, a Holsteiner, is called variously Turner or de Drayer from his occupation, and Boskerk from his residence in the *bosch* behind the *kirk* that is now Trinity on Rector Street. He was the ancestor of the Van Buskirk family. It would be a mistake to suppose that the *de* and *van* were in every case a sign of aristocratic origin. No, *van el seneur* meant simply a man from Helsingör in Denmark; *van flecker*, a native of Flekkerö in Norway. The sounding title Pieter Andriessen de Schoorsteensveger means only that Pieter, who was from Holstein, swept chimneys when he could spare the time from his duties in his tavern in the wilds on East River near what is now Fifty-fifth Street.

It is interesting to note that the chief Indian interpreters were Scandinavians. One of them, a Norwegian woman named Sara Roelofs, received a grant of land from the sachem for her services. The policy of the Dutch colonial government in dealing with the Indians was, on the whole, humane, but at one time the harshness of Governor Kieft, Director of the West India Company, drew down the vengeance of the Indians. Among those who suffered were two large land-holders, the Dane Jochem Pietersen Kuyter, who had colonized a tract of land along the Harlem River, and his friend

Cornelis Melyn of Staten Island. They protested to the States General of the Netherlands, alleging that the estates they had built up with so much labor and expense had been ruined by the short-sighted policy of Kieft, which had nearly embroiled the colony in war with the Indians. Another time the two friends, who were both members of the Board of Eight, led a revolt of that body against the Director's assumption of the right to levy taxes on behalf of the Company. It was largely Kuyter's fighting spirit and acumen that led, finally, to the recall of Kieft and the appointment of the one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. But Stuyvesant felt that criticism of authority was a bad precedent. Kuyter and Melyn were haled before the court on trumped-up charges, fined and banished. On their voyage to Holland they were shipwrecked and had to drag the waters for three days before they succeeded in rescuing their precious chest containing the papers with which they meant to prove their case. Through the personal intervention of the Prince of Orange, they were at last allowed to return to the colony. Kuyter patched up a truce with Governor Stuyvesant and spent the rest of his days on his estate in Harlem, known long afterwards as Jochem Pieter's flats. He was murdered by the Indians.

No other Scandinavian attained the social prestige or the political power of Kuyter, though we find many in minor offices. Sara Roelofs was one of the "good women" of New Amsterdam, that is she was called in by the court when female arbitration was needed—the case on record has to do with some caps said to be spoiled in the making. Professor Evjen thinks the women of New Netherlands were more emancipated than those of New England. They pleaded their own cases in court and held power of attorney in the absence of their husbands. Several Scandinavian women are mentioned as being in business for themselves. The women of the North seem to have married into the aristocracy. The wife of Governor Jacob Leisler was the granddaughter of Tryn Jonas, a midwife from Marstrand in Norway. Among the families which, by descent or marriage, are connected with the early Scandinavian immigrants are the following: Putnam, Bradt, Vanderbilt, Remsen, Rosencrans, Bayard, De Lancey, De Peyster, Gouverneur, Jay, Knickerbocker, Morris, Schuyler, Stuyvesant, Van Cortland, Van Rensselaer, Van Buskirk, Bronck, Beeckman, Van Ripen, Hoffmann (the family of Washington Irving's sweetheart, which is related to many other prominent families, including the Roosevelts), Stuck, Burger, Livingston, Bruyn, Van Buren, and Van Horn.

Through religious sympathy the Scandinavians became associated with the German element in the colony. Since the Reformed church was the official religion, the Lutheran pastor, J. Goetwater,

was ordered to leave the country. Five Scandinavian names appear among the twenty-four signers of a petition that he might be allowed to remain. Characteristically, it was a Norwegian, Laurens Andriessen, who gave shelter to the German pastor a whole winter in defiance of Governor Stuyvesant's order.

We are warned not to conclude that the Scandinavians were especially quarrelsome because they figure in so many lawsuits. "Mere trifles—a dog biting a hog—were sufficient to create litigation." Sometimes the court showed clemency, as in the case of the progenitor of the Bergen family. He was suspected of having aided in smuggling, but in consideration of his having been for fourteen years a respectable citizen of New Amsterdam, the charge was dismissed "on condition that he beg pardon of God and the court." Breach of promise trials occur, and in one case, where a man sues to be released from his betrothal, the court, smelling collusion, adjudge that "the promise of marriage, having been made and given before the Eyes of God, shall remain in force."

Turning from these intimate glimpses of life in New Netherland, we find in an appendix the grim tale of Jens Munk's Arctic expedition. Sent by Christian the Fourth to find a passage to India, he entered the Hudson Bay, in 1619, and named a large tract on its shores Nova Dania. But scurvy and the hardships of the Arctic



CAPTAIN MUNK'S OWN PICTURE OF HIS WINTER QUARTERS IN NOVA DANIA

climate killed all except Captain Munk and two of his men, who managed to get home on the smaller of the two ships. Among the members of the expedition was a Danish minister, Rasmus Jensen from Aarhus, who preached the first Lutheran Christmas sermon on American soil, and who with sixty others lies buried in the soil of Nova Dania.

The author calls his book "a reference work which may modestly pave the way for further research in this field," but it is much more than that. At the risk of seeming frivolous, I would call it the most entertaining history I have read for a long time. It has the charm of new discovery and is delightfully human in its comedy and its tragedy. Two of the central figures, Jonas Bronck, after whom Bronx borough is named, and Anneke Jans, who married the ancestor of the Vanderbilts, are not discussed in this notice, since they will be the subject of future articles in the REVIEW.

H. A. L.

To My Wallflower

By HENRIK WERGELAND

Translated from the Norwegian by MILES MENANDER DAWSON

*My wallflower, or ever thy bloom shall fade
I shall be that of which all is made—
Yea, ere thou lovest thy crown of gold
I shall be mould.*

*When I shall call, "With the window, up!"
I last shall look on thy golden cup.
My soul shall kiss thee as forth it flies
To freer skies.*

*Twice shall I thine odorous petals kiss.
The first kiss, thine and thine only, this!
The second, thou art to give it, dear,
My rose-bush here.*

*Its roses full-blown I shall never see.
Give then my message when that shall be,
That it is my prayer that over my tomb
Its buds shall bloom.*

*And that the blown bud that thou kissest for me
Shall be laid on my bosom while thou shalt be
Our nuptial torch in the tomb that hour,
My own wallflower!*

From Edelfelt to Gallen-Kallela

From Notes by TORSTEN STJERNCHANTZ



From a Painting by Edelfelt

ON THE OCEAN

THE man through whom the art of Finland first won an international place was Albert Edelfelt (1854-1905). He broke with the bloodless idealism of the Düsseldorf school, which until then held sway in the North, and received fresh impulses from the healthy realism of French art, without going to extremes. His pictures of life among the Swedish peasants on the coast strip, Nyland, show a simple and conscientious observation of nature, clear, harmonious coloring sometimes rising to lament intensity, and a tech-

nical mastery which is never allowed to overshadow the deeper spiritual qualities of his work. He was famous also as a portrait painter and counted many royal persons among his clients, though his greatest successes were achieved in his highly intellectual characterizations of great artists, scientists, and statesmen. In the later years of his life, Edelfelt's love of his country led him to return to that which had been the first interest of his youth, namely historical painting. The crowning achievement of his life was a mural decoration in the assembly hall of the University of Finland, depicting the founding of that institution in 1640. Though his patriotism embraced



From a Painting by Collin

HARVESTERS



Portrait of Mathilda Wrede

From a Painting by Järnefelt



From a Painting by Rissanen

TELLING FORTUNES

with sympathy the Finnish as well as the Swedish element in the population, Edelfelt by birth, training, and language belonged to the latter and stands as its most brilliant representative. He has had great influence on the younger artists of the country, most of whom have followed in his footsteps.

A complete contrast to Edelfelt in origin and nature is the passionate and temperamental Axel Gallen-Kallela (born 1865). In his landscapes from the north of Finland he shows the wild beauty of untouched nature, while his pictures of the gray poverty and grinding suffering of the Finnish peasants are rendered with a naturalism which does not shrink from the hideous and the repellent. Motifs from *Kalevala* inspired him to works of lyric beauty and dramatic power and led him away from naturalism to symbolism. Among his productions in this period is the striking and original *Revenge of Joukahainen*, reproduced on the cover of this issue. The conventionalized decorative style he had evolved to express his legendary conceptions led him naturally toward mural painting, and he attracted European attention through four cupola



WOLF-TRACKS

From a Painting by Halonen

frescoes on *Kalevala* motifs in the Finnish pavilion at the Exposition in Paris, in 1900. Gallen-Kallela is truly national, not only because of his subjects, nor because of his ethnographic traits, but because he has more than any one else penetrated into the inmost recesses of the Finnish folk character, and caught the spirit of the primeval forests and the virginal lake country.

By the side of Edelfelt and Gallen-Kallela, E. Järnefelt (born 1853) is the leading representative of the French realism which in the eighties gave new life to Finnish art. He is especially noted for his sensitive and characteristic portraiture. In the nineties, Magnus Enckell (born 1870), revolutionized the art of Finland by introducing the clear palette and intense light effects of the French neo-impressionists. Among his contemporaries are P. Halonen and J. Rissanen, both of humble origin and noted for strong and individual portrayal of the common people. Many of the younger artists did not stop at the moderate realism of Enckell, but went over to cubism, of which we may see an example in the *Harvesters*, by Collin.

“If I Should Be Old”

By ALBERT ULRIK BÅÅTH

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

*If I should be old and gray and tired,
And found I had come to be much admired
By cultured cliques for my style so rare,
With my picture in book-shops everywhere;
'Twould give me small joy as I sat apart,
Worn-out and faint at heart.*

*But I know what would bring the blood to my cheek
And stir my marrow, though never so weak—
If I saw from my window some day in Spring
The workingmen pass, and they should sing
In time to their step as they strode along;
To hear them sing MY song.*

New Fields of Industry

From Notes by HENRIK RAMSEY

THE industries of Finland are based on the raw materials furnished by the forests that cover two-thirds of the area of the country, while the broad streams making their way from the interior to the ocean are the means of utilizing this wealth. From the primeval forests, huge logs float down the stream, sometimes being years on the way, towed in rafts across the lakes, rocked on the whirling waves of the rapids, until they reach the large saw-mills in the coast cities. There they are cut and loaded on steamers to be shipped to countries where the forests are already denuded, such as England, France, and Germany. There are not less than six hundred saw-mills in Finland, generally situated near the mouths of the rivers, and driven by steam generated from burning the refuse. Kotka, Björneborg, Uleåborg, and Viborg are the chief centers of this industry, which employs 28,000 workers and produces annually a value of 150,000,000 marks.

Where the streams are obstructed by mountains, great waterfalls furnish cheap power for factories, and there the smaller timber and poorer logs are utilized for the paper industry. Spruce is ground to form mechanical wood pulp, a process requiring a tremendous amount of power, or spruce and pine with refuse from the mills may be made into chemical wood pulp by boiling with a chemically acting solution, thus making a purer and more high-priced product. Large masses of pulp are sent to England and France without further treatment. Some is made into brown paper for wrapping or white for printing. The finished product of our paper mills has a market in Russia, where many of the leading periodicals are printed on Finnish paper. In fact, our paper has found its way to every part of the world. The paper industry has advanced rapidly, and, with an annual output worth 100,000,000 marks, comes next after that of the saw-mills.

Wood at present constitutes fifty-two per cent. of our exports, paper eighteen per cent. Next comes butter with ten per cent. There are at least six hundred and fifty dairies in Finland, which export annually butter to the value of 34,000,000 marks. This exhausts the number of the important industries founded on the natural resources of the country. Useful minerals are found only in small quantities, and, in spite of the presence of large granite beds, but little stone is exported.

Finland has, however, several important industries that work with raw materials brought from abroad. The customs regulations favor such enterprises; the domestic manufacturer knows how to

adapt his product to the home market, and there are great opportunities for sale in Russia. More intense activity, better organization, and more highly trained management enable the factories of Finland to compete successfully on the markets in the Czar's domain, even where they utilize foreign raw materials. Thus the manufacture of machinery and metal wares, formerly based on domestic iron and charcoal, can still maintain its position, in spite of the fact that it now uses foreign pig iron and coal. The world war has brought a stimulus to this industry, many of the factories now being busy making projectiles and other war material. Our spinning-mills get only one-tenth of their flax and one-fourth of their wool from within the boundaries of the country. The sugar refineries work with raw sugar from Russia, the tobacco factories with raw tobacco from Russia and Turkey. The leather industries use chiefly foreign skins.

The Finnish industries, in 1912, employed 110,000 workers, of whom one-fourth were women and one-tenth minors. The number may seem negligible, judged by American standards, but in view of Finnish conditions, it is by no means small. Fifty years ago, the population was almost wholly agricultural. Twenty-five years ago the total value of the industrial production was 150,000,000 marks. Now it is 675,000,000 marks. The exports amount to 340,000,000 marks annually; the imports are somewhat higher, amounting to 470,000,000 marks.

Many a time in her past history has Finland been ravaged by terrible famines. In the early sixties of the nineteenth century several years of crop failure opened the eyes of the farmers to the necessity for cultivating a hardier crop, namely hay. Since then they have gradually gone over to stock-raising, with the result that Finland now exports large quantities of butter, while grain and flour are her chief imports. Other imports are groceries, machinery, coal, and raw materials for the factories. The exports go principally to the eastern neighbor, Russia, where Finnish goods of all kinds find an open market. The next is Great Britain, which buys in all one-fourth of Finnish exports consisting chiefly of wood and butter. Then come Germany and France. On the other hand, not less than two-fifths of the imports, under normal conditions, are from Germany or by way of German ports. Direct trade relations with the United States have hitherto been negligible, though a considerable amount of American goods enter the country by way of England or Germany. It may be taken for granted, however, that after the war American products, particularly machinery, will find a ready market in Finland.

Editorial

Prisoners' Relief

On page 259 of this issue there appears an announcement that the REVIEW will receive subscriptions for the Prisoners' Relief Fund collected in Sweden. In our last number four photographs were reproduced showing the exchange of German and Russian invalids from prison camps and their transportation across Sweden by the officers of the Red Cross. In this war the people which produced Nobel is nobly keeping up its reputation for philanthropy and humanitarianism. The Prisoners' Relief is a form of work independent of that for the invalids. A committee of Swedish women, under the leadership of the Crown Princess, has secured permission from the different governments to send, each month, packages of food and clothes and other articles to needy prisoners of war. The work has been going on all winter and all summer, until now twelve hundred women are helping. In some cases the women keep up correspondence with the prisoners to whom they send parcels. Swedish women are doing their utmost, but the country is being drained by these and kindred public-spirited enterprises. One member of the committee, Mrs. Thorsten Laurin, was once an American girl, Miss Elizabeth Emery of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and she suggests that Americans might be willing to help.

Because the appeal for Prisoners' Relief comes from Mrs. Laurin, whose husband is a member of the Swedish committee of the Foundation, the REVIEW feels amply justified in departing from its usual custom by receiving American money contributions to the fund. Certainly few opportunities are offered in these days for more neutral or effective aid to the suffering victims of the great war. The Swedish ladies are nearer the scene and have advantages not offered us here in America. Cheques or postal orders should be sent directly to the REVIEW, and the amount will be forwarded promptly to the Committee for Prisoners' Relief. We hope the response will be generous.

Finland and Scandinavia

The article on Finland, "An Outpost of Northern Civilization" explains the position of Finland at the eastern gateway to Scandinavia. Border states, where different races overlap, have always peculiar problems to solve, as we see in Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein. In Finland the situation is even more complex, since there a race of different origin is wedged in between Slav and Scandinavian. To feel how alien the Finns are from their western neighbors it is only necessary to read *Kalevala*, and indeed acquaintance with its graceful verse is a pleasure none need forego, since there are translations easily available, among them a neat two-volume edition in Every-

man's Library at forty cents a volume. It is claimed that no other primeval epic is so free from violence and bloodshed. Where the old Norsemen hacked and hewed their way with the sword, the Finns gained their ends by magic and incantations. Where the sagas reek with blood and resound with the clangor of arms, *Kalevala* is fragrant with wild flowers and musical with the purling of brooks and the warbling of birds. Against its sweetness and delicacy we must set the ferocious strength of the sagas and Eddas; against its diffusiveness, their suppressed intensity. No wonder the fusion of these two elements in Finland is producing art and literature of an altogether individual charm.

Sweden stands in a unique position toward Finland. A small but highly cultured and influential part of the population is Swedish. As Mr. Welle-Strand points out, it was the hard strength of the Swedes that saved the Finns from absorption by the Russians. The liberties which the Finlanders are now tenaciously defending from Russia are based on Swedish institutions. Nor must it be forgotten in the war of Svekomani and Fennomani that the men whose generous devotion saved Finnish poetry from oblivion bore Swedish names. No doubt the Swedes, in return, have had their minds fructified by close union with the Finns. No one in Sweden, outside of a few rabid Activists, wish to "get back Finland" after the war, as some of the belligerents have hinted. Sweden is now fortunate enough to have a singularly homogeneous population and has no desire to augment it with a large number of disaffected aliens. Yet the Swedes, and indeed all Scandinavians, will always look on Finland with warm sympathy and with an earnest wish that its autonomy may be restored.

Finland After The War The present situation in Finland does not give much ground for optimism. The hope has frequently been voiced in American papers that after the war liberal tendencies may prevail in Russia to the benefit of all the various races living within the confines of the Empire. Recent events in Finland do not point that way. Our readers will remember Dr. Donner's article in our May-June number in which he recounts some of the latest acts of oppression: the dissolution of the Finnish Diet, the deportation of its speaker, Judge Svinhufvud, to Siberia without a trial, the imprisonment of Finnish judges, the muzzling of the press, and the seizure of all means of communication. Through our correspondents in Finland we learn that the Finlanders are not anticipating a liberal development as a result of an eventual Russian victory. Victory may lead to a rise of chauvinism and a strengthening of the pan-Slavic movement, which is directed against all non-Russian elements in the population. The

powerful organ the *Novoye Vremya* has for thirty years been leading an aggressive war against the autonomy of Finland. Nationalism in Russia has always been closely united with the reactionary forces, and the swelling of national pride which would naturally follow a victory bodes nothing good for the immediate future. No doubt contact with the western nations will ultimately hasten the civilizing process in Russia, but this is yet a distant dream. In the meantime—can Finnish culture alone save the land from disintegration, or is it destined to be only a leaven in the vast lump of the Russian Empire?

Comradeship in The North

The Danish literary critic, Vilhelm Andersen, writes a witty article in the Swedish magazine *Ord och Bild* on the new Scandinavianism. He believes the movement stands a better chance of success than that of the past generation, because its slogan is comradeship, rather than brotherhood, and because it emphasizes the difference within the Scandinavian circle, rather than the similarity. Taking as his starting-point the Malmö meeting, he declares that the much-vaunted unity was undoubtedly present on high, where the three monarchs stood like a triune Epiphany candle (*helligtrekongerslys*), but the image burst asunder at the very foot of the throne. Even the three foreign ministers did not fit quite harmoniously into the picture, and complete disillusion followed an encounter with their three servants. Outside of the Swedish minister's door stood a footman in blue and yellow livery like a yeoman of the guard; the Danish minister's apartment was in charge of a chamberlain in evening dress, while the Norwegian minister's door was guarded by a Varangian in a business suit like anybody else.

Passing to remoter times, the writer recounts the drastic characterization by Olaf Trygvason, in the year 1000, the first we have on record, of the Swedes who loved the sacrificial or festive bowl, the Danes who had no back-bone, and the Norwegians to whose arrogance the king gave unconscious expression. Professor Andersen thinks that the varying traits of the three nations were present in their literature even before that literature was committed to writing. A free comradeship must therefore be based on a thorough comprehension of these differences. "In order to be comrades, it is not necessary to be brothers. It is enough to be good friends. Ay, it is even possible to be good comrades without being intimate friends. As we all know, we have not always been that. To the older Scandinavianism it was bitter to remember the many wars in the North. We do not feel it so. It was the beginning of comradeship and of emulation, using the weapons nearest at hand, our fists. Now that we are still vieing with each other, though in ways less

glaring, we can look back without rancour at those fights in which we licked one another strong. Comrades must be liberal, willing to find in another what is lacking in themselves, to receive what they cannot give, to help and be helped in turn—all in the sense of supplementing one another from the common stock."

A State of Mind Professor Otto Jespersen, the Danish authority on the English language, contributes his analysis of the causes of war to *Scientica*. A translation appears in the *New York Times*. The fault he lodges not with a few, but with the people. Conscription saturates the nation with that harsh spirit which we call militarism. Patriotism has become not a union of love, but a communion of hatred and distrust. In the whole people there is bred a latent will to strike. Moreover the people have abandoned their right to veto war. Even those most jealously fighting for their rights against any aggression on the part of their government, still give over to a few that right which is the crux of the whole matter, the right to make war. The remedy must be an increasing influence of the people themselves and the adoption of a year's delay for sober second thought to assert itself. "The whole question, including the principle of nationality, can be summarized in a single sentence: 'Real and universal, sacred and inviolable respect for the rights of others.' Until we have attained this goal we shall still be living in an age of barbarism."

Scandinavian Church Union The consolidation of the Norwegian Lutheran forces in this country into a large organization of about 500,000 members will take place in the near future. At their conventions last summer the three church bodies, the United Church, the Norwegian Synod, and the Hauge Synod, adopted identical resolutions forming the Norwegian Lutheran Church in America, and providing for the transfer of their property to the new organization as soon as it is incorporated. The union is the result of years of agitation and has been brought about largely by pressure from the lay members. The practical results will be far-reaching. The educational and publication work will be consolidated, and this will mean better equipment, more liberal salaries, higher standards, and more efficient service. Moreover, the Norwegian Lutheran church will have gained in prestige and dignity.

The *Lutheran Companion*, organ of the Swedish Augustana Synod, congratulates the Norwegians on their action and adds: "Would it not be desirable and advisable that the Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, and Icelandic Lutheran churches in America begin to devise and discuss some plans for a coming together into some union which would prove beneficial to all concerned?"

... The churches of these countries have much in common in history, tradition, and church polity." The *Companion* points out that such an organization would number not far from one million souls.

**Dr. Gjerset's
New Post**

Dr. Knut Gjerset, formerly professor of Norwegian history and literature at Luther College in Decorah, has accepted the position of president of Park Region Luther College in Fergus Falls. His appointment marks a departure in the methods of Scandinavian church colleges, which have hitherto usually had clergymen at the head. Dr. Gjerset is known as the author of the two-volume *History of the Norwegian People*, recently published by Macmillan, and favorably reviewed in the *Nation*, the *Yale Review*, and other periodicals. We hope his new administrative duties will not prevent him from going on with his scholarly work.

The value of the small college is now thoroughly recognized by educators. That in Park Region, situated in a thriving and energetic Norwegian district of Minnesota, has a promising future. Rev. D. G. Ristad, who leaves the presidency to accept that at Lutheran Ladies' Seminary in Red Wing, has been happy in solving the peculiar problems of the small college. We quote a communication from Mr. Frank Aydelotte of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He writes: "The faculty of Park Region Luther College at Fergus Falls has worked out and embodied in their course (for the first time this past year) an admirable solution of the problem of the elective system, which small colleges everywhere would do well to imitate. They have hit upon a plan which allows much of the flexibility of the elective system, avoids the distressing mistakes which young students are likely to make in choosing courses, and avoids also the necessity of providing the long and pretentious list of electives such as would be found in our larger universities. The new plan followed at the Park Region Luther College provides a fixed course for the first two years, or rather a choice between three fixed courses. Following this the student finds himself at the beginning of the third year with a certain range of choices and finds himself at the same time with two years' experience to aid him in choosing wisely. He must select at the opening of his junior year a *major* and a *minor* subject, to be pursued continuously during his last two years, and he has the remainder of his time for free electives. The plan must be commended for its sound sense and its educational economy, and also because it tends to counteract the tendency toward superficiality and smatterings, the belief in the purely quantitative theory of culture, which has been the curse of the operation of the elective system in this country."

Current Events

Sweden

¶ Following settlement of the Åland question and the mutual declarations of good faith, Sweden and England have agreed to submit their long-standing dispute over the mails to arbitration after the war. At the same time, it cannot be denied that Swedish irritation against the British restraint of trade is growing to a point where it is hard to keep in leash. It is claimed that England is "putting Scandinavia on rations," and these rations are so small that Swedish firms have difficulty even in filling the orders of England's own allies, Japan and Russia, who now must get through Scandinavia what they used to import from Germany. ¶ Sweden has passed a law forbidding individual firms to make their own agreement with Great Britain, and the Government itself refuses to give the required guarantees, which are an infringement of its rights as a sovereign nation. This attitude works hardships on Swedish firms, but it is maintained as a matter of principle, and the Swedes claim that they are no worse off than the Danes and Norwegians, who have been more conciliatory. Sweden is still able to get some coal from Germany and is therefore not so dependent upon Great Britain as are its two neighbors. In return, iron ore and foodstuffs are exported to Germany, the amount being carefully regulated by the Government. Whenever a license is given to sell food to Germany, the same quantity, known as "compensation" goods, must be put on the home market at a low price. ¶ A royal decree, in force from July 28, forbids all belligerent vessels to venture within Swedish territorial waters on penalty of being attacked without warning. In order to make the decree more effective, the waters have been mined along the coast from a point south of Stockholm to within a short distance of Malmö. ¶ The Riksdag which has recently adjourned authorized the beginning of work on the inland railroad, to extend north through Norrland to Gällivare. The road will open a vast region full of splendid economic possibilities. At this time it has added significance on account of its value in the defense of the northeast border. ¶ Another important measure passed by the Riksdag is the provision for insurance against accidents met while working. This is the second step taken by Sweden toward that system of complete social insurance which the Scandinavian countries are evolving. The first was the pensioning of invalids and the aged. ¶ The players of the Royal Dramatic Theatre closed the season in the early summer by a visit to Christiania, where they opened a successful engagement with Strindberg's *Master Olof*. In the meantime, the company of the Norwegian National Theatre played in Stockholm.

Denmark

¶ Scandinavian vessels report that, after the battle of Skagerak, they had to steer their course, sometimes for hours, through masses of decomposing bodies. The dead all had life preservers on and were standing up with arms spread out on the waves as though beckoning for aid. The gruesome sight affected the sailors so that they could not sleep, and many of the fishermen cut short their season to avoid the horror of it. A number of bodies drifted ashore, not only in Denmark, but in Norway and even Sweden, and these were buried with military honors. Many of the victims had evidently lived for four or five days in the water and must have died of hunger and exposure. Scandinavian papers urge that if another battle should be fought outside their shores, the neutral navies should send ships to pick up survivors. ¶ The national convention of the Radical party, which met in Copenhagen in June, drew up a comprehensive programme. An important point is the reduction of entailed estates and their parcelling out to small farmers. The provisions for old age and invalid insurance and for mothers' pensions are to be increased, and a law for safeguarding illegitimate children, such as that recently passed in Norway, is recommended. Various measures for putting women on an equal footing with men in the state and in the household are a part of the party programme. It must be remembered that the new liberal constitution adopted last year is not yet in force, but awaits more normal times, and the women and young men who should be enfranchised by it are therefore still voteless. ¶ The conflict of the Church Department and the bishops of Denmark over the famous Arboe Rasmussen case has reached an acute stage, where it may lead to the separation of church and state. Pastor Rasmussen was recently acquitted by the Supreme Court, and the department reinstated him in his old parish at Vaalse, but Bishop Wegener of Lolland and Falster still refuses to give him the sanction required by law, and the other bishops of the country sustain him. The objection to Arboe Rasmussen is based on his unorthodox views, chief of which is his denial of the virgin birth. The department contends that, as the parish wants Arboe Rasmussen for its pastor, it has a right to have him. The bishops insist that unless the state will protect the established doctrines of the church, the two had better part. ¶ Danish Government bonds have recently been passing into the hands of Danish citizens to such an extent that Denmark now has practically no debt in foreign countries. ¶ A company has been formed in Copenhagen to investigate the possibilities of the hard coal beds recently discovered on the west coast of Iceland. ¶ Plans are being drawn for an electric plant in Vendsyssel to supply power to the whole of northern Jutland. Power is to be produced by burning peat.

Norway

¶ A three-cornered labor conflict has just been fought out in Norway, leaving victory in the hands of the third party, the public, as represented by the Government. The Radicals have long been committed to the principle of compulsory arbitration of wages and hours, but the determined opposition of both workingmen and employers has hitherto staved off legislation. A long-standing dispute in the mining industries became the occasion of an epoch-making emergency measure which will most likely be made a permanent law of the land. There were threats of sympathetic strikes and of a lockout which together would have brought the number of idle men up to 70,000. The Storting then took action and, on June 9, hurriedly passed a law giving the King power to order arbitration and to forbid strikes and lockouts, whenever the interests of the public demand it. The Socialists voted against the law, which they said was framed in the interests of the capitalists. The National Federation of Trades carried out its threat of a general protest strike, lasting one week. The Arbitration Court consists of five members, three chosen by the Government, and one by each of the contending parties. Its president is Justice of the Supreme Court Thinn. ¶ The traditional friendship of Norway for England has been put to a severe strain by the cold-blooded manner in which Great Britain has used her position as chief purveyor of coal to interfere with Norwegian affairs. At present, this issue quite overshadows the German submarine outrages. The fishing fleet has been held up until England was guaranteed the privilege of buying as much of the fish as she desired at her own price. Inspectors are placed in Norwegian factories, and the Norwegian Government has even been prevented from distributing from its stores 50,000 sacks of oatmeal urgently needed by consumers, because a miller in the south of Norway had shipped 400 sacks to Germany. Ship owners are forbidden to sell or charter their vessels without the consent of the British Admiralty and are, of course, forbidden to deliver goods to Norwegian firms which are on the British blacklist. In every case the penalty is the withholding of British coal from Norwegian bunkers. ¶ In spite of all losses and restrictions, the country is prospering. From being a borrower among nations, Norway has become a lender. A British loan of 40,000,000 kroner has been arranged in Norway, and a French loan of 25,000,000 is being negotiated. ¶ At the annual meeting of the Nordmandsforbundet in Christiania, June 26, it was announced that 20,000 kroner had been donated toward a building, 15,000 being given by the three brothers, Mr. John A. Gade of New York, who has also offered to draw the plans gratis, Consul F. H. Gade, and Mr. Horace Gade. Consul Anthon B. Nilson has given 5,000 kroner.

Books

THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND COMMERCIAL POLITICS OF THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES. By Povl Drachmann. Edited by Harald Westergaard, LL.D. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. 1915. 115 pages.

In the introduction to this volume, John Bates Clarke, Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, explains the purpose of that organization to "promote a thorough and scientific investigation of the causes and results of war." To this end an elaborate series of investigations has been undertaken under the direction of a Committee of Research. The Scandinavian member of this committee is Professor Westergaard, of the University of Copenhagen, whose name appears as editor of the book reviewed here. From the mass of facts, we gather an impression of the overwhelming disaster which the Napoleonic wars brought upon Scandinavia and from which it did not recover before the middle of the nineteenth century. In the case of Denmark and Norway, the havoc interrupted a brilliant commercial period. Then as now, Danish and Norwegian shippers were reaping a rich harvest—until the countries were themselves drawn into the war against their will. The seizure by the British of Denmark's entire navy and almost her entire mercantile fleet of about a thousand vessels was a terrible blow. Business was at a standstill, the monetary system disorganized, and the government, in 1813, had to declare itself bankrupt. To Norway, with poor agricultural resources, the blockade meant actual famine. The country began its national existence in a state of economic ruin. Norges Bank was founded in 1816, but its notes did not reach par until 1842. Sweden, producing enough grain for its own use, suffered least from the blockade, but even there business was for a time paralyzed, and later suffered from a succession of crises. The foundations for modern economic Sweden were not laid until the middle of the century.

On the other hand, the war with Germany seems not to have had so disastrous an effect on Denmark. Agriculture was already established, and the loss of Schleswig-Holstein brought to Denmark some industries that had been carried on in the duchies. Moreover, it gave the impulse to the reclamation of the heath. The author sets forth convincingly the splendid development of modern Scandinavia: in Denmark the industrialization of agriculture through cooperation, and the creation of highly skilled manufactures like the porcelain and the oil-burning motor ships; in Sweden and Norway the utilization of lumber in more and more refined forms, the application of modern methods to mining, and the harnessing of water power—all subjects familiar to readers of the REVIEW. He has but little faith in the future of "practical Scandinavianism," which as yet does not go much beyond the arrangement of a uniform currency and similar postal rates. The plans for a customs union, which has lately been taken up again for discussion, he thinks not likely to be realized, owing to the difference in the economic conditions of the three countries.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS. By Arthur Reade, Lecturer in English at the University of Helsingfors. With 4 illustrations in color, 8 other illustrations and map. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1915. vii and 315 pages.

Of all the various works that may lay proper claim to recognition as authorities on the subject of Finland and its people, appearing in the last generation in English, none is, on the whole, more deserving of warm commendation than

the volume recently come from the pen of Arthur Reade, at present lecturer in English at the University of Helsingfors. Indeed, to find a work on the same subject of equal importance and scope, one must go back thirteen years to the publication in London of a translation of the widely-read volume by a Dane, Professor Frederiksen, in which the writer made a thorough study of the economic life, public and private, of the Finnish nation, reviewed its origin and discussed its future. With equal sympathy and understanding does the present author treat of the political problems with which the far northern people is confronted through Russian hostility and oppression. But where he excels any other foreign student of Finnish national life is in his singularly broad and impartial treatment of the difficult questions arising from the dual nationality of the inhabitants of Finland.

The book is by no means confined to the study of internal and external politics, however. The subject of Finland's natural resources and her agriculture and industries is adequately and most readably dealt with. The amazing growth of the new labor movement in the few years since its inception, in the year 1899, coincident with the beginning of the attempted Russianizing of the country, is described. The chapter on woman's rights is replete with interest, especially to an American. It is well known that Finland was the first of the nations of Europe to admit women, not only to the franchise, but to membership in the national legislative assembly, and Mr. Reade sketches for us the excellent results of their entry into this great new sphere, for success in which they were peculiarly adapted through a long participation in the active life of the nation, a participation in itself mainly due to the fact of the poverty of the country, which has preserved it from the questionable luxury of either a considerable non-producing class or a large number of idle women. The chapters having to do with the countryside, and the manners, customs, and beliefs of the people dwelling there are written with all an Englishman's natural love of country life, by a man who is evidently a disciple of Wordsworth, Keats, and Burns. There are delightful descriptions of farm-life, in some of which the present reviewer has been surprised to trace a similarity to that of the Bernese Oberland. That ancient Finnish institution, the bath-house, is dwelt upon at length, for, as Mr. Reade points out: "The bath-house is a kind of temple, the bath-woman its priestess, and the bath in the nature of a ritual. The church and the bath-house are holy places, says a Finnish proverb." But enthusiastic though the author is on the score of the attractions of rural life in Finland, he is none the less captivated with the many-sided activities of the capital, and devotes space to Finnish literature, art, and music. One of the most informative chapters of the book is, as one would expect from Mr. Reade's official position, that on education.—HERMAN MONTAGU DONNER.

Brief Notes

A powerful appeal by Georg Brandes in *Politiken* against the madness of the present war has been extensively circulated in the American press. Brandes insists that the modern national and commercial wars are more wicked and brutalizing than the religious or personal wars of bygone ages.

Professor A. A. Stomberg, who visited Sweden as a scholar of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, has contributed to Swedish understanding of American conditions by his addresses to the press club in Stockholm and at the mid-summer festival at the Skansen open-air park. He brings back with him valuable collections of Swedish books for the University of Minnesota.